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# CANADIAN SEASONS

## AND OTHER POEMS

William Henry Taylor

With the author's kindest regards.

Christmas 1913.

# CANADIAN SEASONS.

WINTER : SPRING : SUMMER : AUTUMN

WITH A MEDLEY OF

## : REVERIES :

## IN VERSE AND PROSE

## AND OTHER CURIOS

WRITTEN BY

**William Henry Taylor**

July

TORONTO

1913

CANADA

MOTTO.—"*While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.*"—Gen., c. 8, v. 22.

**Published by the Author**

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# INTRODUCTION

Many authors introduce their brain-children with a careful, lengthy address to that grand jury—the public; and they often display a piscatorial cunning such as Izaak Walton taught, when he cast hypnotic flies to the coveted trout. Such introductions are to some minds equal in interest to the chapters which they present in the body of the volume.

Scott's introductions and notes are interesting examples of his parental desire to guide his eaglets toward the noonday sun; to my mind, they are a necessary and satisfying portion of the banquet he spreads. Dickens generally gives brief, or else no introductory or explanatory glimpses of his design.

These two great authors are referred to simply for the purpose of excusing this bit of gossip with possible readers. If any honor this volume with a glance they may commence anywhere, as it has no hero (not even the author, as Byron was), and, like the earth's journey around the sun, has no exact starting place or finish.

A large percentage of readers, discussing an author's merits or demerits, are inclined to pass by the living, printed writer's soul, and dissect his personality, life, pedigree and sanity. To literary ghouls the sins of poor Burns, Poe and Byron are better known than their meteorlike minds. In this effort to present "Canadian Seasons," etc., to the public, it is my hope that the Ego has been entirely, or nearly suppressed, except so far as the work shows forth the workman's own bent of mind.

Like Henderson, the pioneer and authority of commercial gardening in America, I claim the right to show credentials for such a task. In early manhood I was a printer, as portions of this book will show. In the 70's I caught the fruit-growing fever and for a quarter of a century was in the closest contact with Nature. How near to Truth these sketches are must be left to others. If any have watched the thermometer as many anxious nights in May or October, when a year's income depended on one or two degrees, as I have, then the bit headed "The Frost God" will read as true to them as to me. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," describes a spring frost minutely and incomparably. My little charcoal outline sketch refers to autumn—say October 1st to 10th—in Central Ontario. The "Vigneron's Reverie" will be recognized by grape growers as the work of a real vine-dresser, not an amateur. The word

"Vigneron" was chosen because the French are our masters in viticulture, and on account of it being a complete expression to the initiated.

Farmers and gardeners are weather students by necessity. They are in partnership with the Giver of harvests, and should know the work of His hands. So much for the University where I studied the Seasons and the science of changing a piece of Canadian forest into a little Eden of luxuriant fruit land, sheltered by noble evergreens. That is my diploma and all the autobiography necessary.

Now for the motive which prompted me to accept this task. In the first place I am not aware that any American or Canadian writer has trod this path before, except short excursions on parts of it. Classical scholars may refer to Virgil's Georgics, and inquire—"Why attempt to compete with that eminent master?" He was a real master, and owned and cultivated a small estate. Others may say that the ground has been covered by Thomson's "Seasons," Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," parts of Cowper's "Task," and other time-proven works. Let us dismiss Virgil, he wears the crown, but the laurel leaves which twine his brow were grown in Italy—not in the Normandy of America. In regard to Thomson, whose title I was compelled to adopt partly—on account of finding no word so short or expressive—and it 's not copyrighted—I must affirm that although I admire him as a poet, I reject him as an authority. A townsman and a gentleman, he never tickled Mother Nature with a hoe (if the phrase may be pardoned). He seems a looker-on, not a participant.

Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" is a very different volume. He was a real horny-handed son of the soil. If his talents as a poet are not so lofty, his sense, his plan and completeness, are superior. Comparatively uneducated and poor in wealth and leisure, he presented a golden sheaf in the harvest of English literature.

As for mad Cowper, as some called him, he is my favorite star in the galaxy of poets, when in his finer moods. I mean when he paints the features of ever-changing Nature, when he interprets her voice surging through mighty woods or old Ocean's solemn organ; he notes the fragrance of the peasant's pipe on a winter's morn as he trudges to his woodland toil with his dog; he marks with exquisite accuracy the wonders of the insect world; an old, lost boot-heel is subject enough for a paragraph of subtle humor and keen philosophy. His "Task" is full of human interest also, and if not the peer of Shakespere and others as the mirror of mankind and their actions, he is superior to all as teacher of domestic virtue and rural felicity. His sensitive and timid temperament made him shrink from heroics, but fitted him to love the very ground he trod and the clime he loved. Combining clarity of expression

with impeccability in choice of words, he was fitted, had he possessed bodily and mental energy, to be an English Virgil.

Burns, too, was fully equipped for giving us a masterpiece on the seasons. But alas! Scotland and the world have more of his diamonds than they deserve for their shameless and heartless neglect of that chieftain of rustic bards—the massive, fearless, gentle Ayrshire plowman.

The foregoing references to those great natural artists are given to explain why I attempted to plow a few furrows in our virgin Canadian meadow land. The work of those champion plowmen does not, and could not, apply to our climate, and the magnificent distances of our broad domain. Some three thousand miles in length and a thousand miles, perhaps, in width, is the boundary of a part of our national field. My first intention was only to give an outline sketch of Spring. That ended, my ambition extended, and the rest just grew—like Topsy. In fact, the composition followed the march of the year, for one night of each week for twelve months was devoted to this work.

Why "Canadian Seasons," particularly, and not "American Seasons"? It would apply just as well to the northern belt of the States perhaps; but then it certainly would not suit other states of the Union, some of them are sub-tropical, and a Canadian is not expected to twang his guitar in the citrus groves of Florida or California. So this is Canadian from Halifax to Vancouver. Of course, the ground is not nearly covered. The lumber camps and river driving, our vast grain areas and cattle ranches, mining life, etc., might have been pictured, but I felt incompetent to touch subjects outside of my intimate acquaintance, and also because the wheels of the machinery on vast grain fields and in mines jar Imagination's ear. Although city life has been slightly referred to, and perhaps roughly, I hope to be pardoned, because wild flowers do not flourish in brick yards.

It was no servile imitation of our good old English masters that caused the heroic couplet to be chosen as the form of this composition. The iambic line of ten syllables, or five accented feet, has a natural and positive advantage over shorter or longer lines; otherwise it would not have been adopted so often by our classical bards or "makers." When a line exceeds five or perhaps six feet it has an effect like doubling shorter lines. The rhyming couplet has many well-known points to commend it over some other forms, one of which is its scope and ease for writer and reader. The quatrain, like Gray's Elegy, is more sonorous, and the Spenserian stanza is more dignified, when well recited, but these and other measures were not chosen on that account. My friends may observe that portions of this effort are in a free-and-easy, good-humored tone, and that it has no pretence to pedantic gloom. The unavoidable fault of the rhymed couplet is monotony of sound, in common with some

other forms. Blank verse would have been greatly superior had the matter been presented in a uniformly lofty strain, and had the Miltonic power been lent to touch the keys of such an organ. Blank verse might be less monotonous, but would be more sublimely ridiculous if used to describe the village gossip shop or the county fair. The measure chosen lends itself to all moods, and as the subjects are of varied length, monotony is partly avoided and simplicity and condensation kept in view. Some say, why rhyme at all? Or they may add, why write at all? My answer is, and has been, to a friend or two, that it was necessary to have a safety valve for the poetic volcano rumbling in the soul of the defunct cave man—my ancestor of the stone age; who, in partnership with some Celtic bard or Norman minstrel, was using me as a phonograph! Rhyme, prosaic sir, is for the savage and rustic, for children and common people, as well as for the aristocrats of art. Rhythm from the ocean wave, the river and the brook, and rhyme from the joyous birds, gives measured songs to the gay, and solemn chants to the sad. Rhyme always was, is and ever will be a fascination for the ear, and for all time will adorn the thoughts of Nature's free and passionate children.

In regard to the execution, there is nothing to say, of course. Special pleading never won a case in a literary court. But, I have tried to make the meaning clear, and to suit the word to the action, and hope that no Browning Club will be needed to explain the obscurity of what was not said, or to analyze clouds of vaporous verbosity.

At last Canada has been discovered by the outside world (Kipling was our Captain Cook), and if these "Canadian Seasons" should ever meet the majestic monocled eye of an Imperial Briton I would refer him to the text—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Better than a thermometer, or the degrees of latitude, are the animal or vegetable products of any country. They tell the whole story to those who see. The tender grape, peach, tomato, Indian corn, etc., and hardier tree and bush fruits flourish here on a larger area than that of Britain, France and Germany combined.

To my personal as well as unknown friends, this is a token of love. Of ladies and children I beg affection. To the public I make my bow. To farming, gardening and fruit-growing friends, and to typographic comrades I offer the hand of fellowship with this native bouquet, and to all I hope that their pleasure in perusing will equal my love of work in this Canadian harvest field.—W. H. T.

# : SPRING :

"GOD made the country, man the town," 'tis said
And these "Canadian Seasons" may be read
By those who see, and Nature's works adore,
If not by brick-bound moles, whose claws explore
The dross heaps of the city, bare of grass—
Such dollar-blind men see no seasons pass.

Beneath a blanket suit of fleecy snow
Fair Flora slept, till Sol, resistless, slow,
Made blustering March pluck bare his blizzard's wing,
And then she woke to dress the Norland Spring.
One eve, when Sol arrayed his royal bed,
Of rosy fire, the curtained west he spread
With varied robes—which Twilight would unfold—
Upon a field of blue o'erlaid with gold;
His palette showed all tints of purest dye,
Like artists' dreams, the North to beautify.

One April morn the god of day was seen
Nor'-east-by-east, majestic, calm, serene;
A stream of molten gold flowed from his throne,
Which reached the zenith's arch and warmed our zone.

---

## SIGNS OF SPRING

What is that subtle, rushing, silken sound?
It is the south wind whispering to the ground;
What is that fairy music from the trees?
It's from Aeolian harps, played by the breeze;
Why doth a bridal veil adorn the sky?
Because Sol's marriage to the North is nigh;

Are seraphs' cymbals like those water-bells
Which tinkle 'neath the snowbanks' melting cells?
They are the trembling echoes which impart
The vibrant melodies of Nature's heart.
Whence came that butterfly, with painted wing?
From Miracle's first Chant, which angels sing;
That humming-bird, a flash of gold and blue,
Proclaims the Artist's pledge that He is true.

Come, saunter by this lake, whose bosom bears
A brittle honeycomb of ice, which tears
Its channeled skirts to tatters near the shore,
Retreating from the river's angry roar.
The wind is rising, hear the seagulls scream,
A loon is crying like a lost soul's dream.
As Thor's huge Titans pile up rocks on rocks,
Boreas heaps the beach with blocks on blocks
Of wave-worn ice, which Zero's wizardry
Congealed from keen December's chemistry.

---

## THE BIRDS RETURN

On, on above, at eighty miles an hour,
The fleets of geese sail home with warlike power;
Ahonk! ahonk! they greet their native North;
In V-shaped legions captains lead them forth;
Like vikings homeward bound from southern fray,
They honk victorious on to Hudson Bay.
Here come the ducks that Sam's pot-hunters spared,
They seek ancestral pools where they were reared;
In solid column their battalions charge
Along the chains of lakes, which floods enlarge.
Among the pussy willows by the shore,
The blackbird's flute of joy is heard once more:

"My Can-a-da! Our Can-a-da!
Double-gurgle! Joyous bubble! Sweet!
My Can-a-da! Our Da-and-Ma!
Double-welcome! Can-a-da! We greet!"

And hail! thou first along the skirmish line—
Red Robin, thou art ours, and we are thine,
But why recount? The feathered embassy
Awake the North with music's ecstasy.

---

## SPRING FISHING

Next morn was misty, then a sultry day
Warmed shallow bays where frogs and fishes play.
Let us digress. Here comes our neighbor Jack,
A poacher bold, a bag upon his back
Of fattest roots from resinous old pines,
His spear in hand, twelve feet of shaft and tines.
His face is flushed, a sparkle in his eye,
A shark-like smile, suggests that fish must die.
"Great whales!" he shouts, "Why are you loafing here?
I brought my 'jack,' my punt, the pine and spear;
The fish are 'running,' get your supper quick!
We'll smite 'em 'pairin' near the Nonquon Creek.
As I was paddling up along the shore
I saw some bass, and forty 'lunge or more;
This is the night, and this the scaly hour,
When we will dare the fish detectives' power;
Besides, the green inspector's gone astray,
And I'm a Grit, haw, haw!—safe anyway."

The night was black as Styx, or Milton's hell,
The wind was weighted down, dense silence fell.
We lit our jack, and then the sky's vast dome
Seemed but a cave, and Jack its giant gnome;
The moths sought death, like demons feeding fire,
Great Pluto's ghost! Was that a vampire dire?
Oh, no, it was a crane, whose startled shriek
Would scare a ghostsmith till next Friday week.
We paddled on among the stumps and logs,
And broke the slumbers of the moral frogs;
We saw the bottom plain by our red glare;
Jack whispered back—"Ye gods! there goes a pair;

Just steer me to the left, now straight and steady."
No statue stood more still, no lynx more ready,
Than Jack, whose fateful eye pursued his prey;
When—swish he hurled the spear three lengths away;
A 'lunge it was—the tines were buried true —
Of thirty pounds—within an ounce or two;
Tell not this guilty tale, we'll homeward float—
To say no more, we nearly filled the boat.
But yet our raid brought no such solid joy
As early spring gives to the fishing boy;
No prize but one (his future bride) or wish
Has worth so great as his first string of fish.

## BLOSSOM TIME

Let us return to Flora's pure domain,
The amorous sunbeams kiss the buds again,
They pout and part their lips which winter sealed,
And soon the blossoms' petals are revealed;
Ten million shapes, and shades from palest green
Of grape and maple, to red cones are seen;
But first and hardiest comes the sugar plum,
Like living snowflakes. Stay! the tongue is dumb
To name each bridal wreath whose sweet perfume
Intoxicates the North when orchards bloom.
Stroll thro' the fields and woods, now lush and gay—
'Tis Nature's Floral Resurrection Day.
The snowdrops, violets, crocuses, all vie
To teach immortal man that nought can die;
The moss, the lichen, and the priceless grass
Reclothe all wastes as hours and minutes pass;
The very weeds which narrow minds despise—
As wind-sown pests—are blessings in disguise.

Do plants know love? O, yes, its mystic power
Draws sex to sex of every fertile flower;
The pollen seeks its mate, the wind or bees
Join like to like, from lowly grass to trees.
Linnaeus, the Seer! thy miscroscopic eye
Read Nature's Book, and saw thy "God pass by."

## THE FARM

The barnyard wakes, the cock crows lustily,
Old Collie barks, and capers merrily;
The cattle, freed from stall and yard to roam,
Like schoolboys play, and paw the turf-clad loam;
The lambs, of course, should claim our smoothest verse—
Ah! there's a butcher's cart, but do not curse;
The pigs, however, grunt their satisfaction,
As if they knew their value to a fraction.

An April shower, like manna from the skies,
Now weeps with joy to see the North arise
From its long slumber. See that rainbow span
Our homestead's promise. See that mighty man,
The Royal Farmer—our Canadian King—
His gallant horses to the battle bring;
His plows and drills are his artillery,
His skill and strength bring harvest's victory;
The winter's frosts his soil has pulverized,
The nitrous snows its atoms fertilized;
His golden grain, sown now to sprout and die,
In ninety days, Time's bank will multiply.

What plutocrat has such a sure foundation?
The farmer builds—the Shylocks rob the nation.
Great Croesus, listen! Deign to buy a farm,
It is a hobby-horse devoid of harm;
You need not buy a township on the plains,
Or graze a county for commercial gains;
Those great wheat barons and those cattle kings
Devour the country—like the trusts and rings;
But farming is a science and a pleasure,
The noblest calling of a man of leisure.

King Edward was a farmer of renown,
And Europe's nobles live outside the town;
This is the Springtime of our nation's life,
The country needs your purse—not pruning knife.

Go back, young man, from Learning's classic halls,
Like Cincinnatus, manage fields and stalls;
Apply your botany to make plants grow,
Exchange your football for the fork and hoe;
Mix brains with muscle, no town dandy can
Outrank the farmer as a gentleman.

---

## THE FARM SUPPER

The horn is calling. Spring's first sowing ends,
The Queen presiding, supper message sends;
She is the Mother of the Northern hive,
The fount whose virtue keeps our race alive.
Ye Grecian gods! the banquet that we see
Might choke with shame a chef from "Gay Paree."
The rich aroma of this supper board
Would to an epicure a meal afford.
The master (after grace) and mistress smile,
And say, "Just help yourself"—Canadian style.
Such home-cured ham! full-fed on milk and peas;
Such gilt-edged butter! and such bread and cheese;
With eggs (ad. lib.) fresh laid this very morn,
Which conscientious hens distilled from corn;
Saint Patrick, bless us! as a food foundation,
Those jacket-bursting "taters" beat creation;
The maple syrup flows, the pancakes steam,
They pass real apple pie, and ah! such cream!
As would seduce an herb-fed anchorite—
We gain a feast but lose our appetite.

---

## THE CANADIAN BANDS

Before we sleep, to read the weather signs,
And smoke upon the "stoop," the mind inclines.
Hark! there's a band! and then—two, three, and four,
The frogs' broad marshes echo to their roar.
Batrachian monarchs of the realm of tune!
We love the notes of every bull-bassoon;

A mile apart each orchestra performs
A requiem o'er the grave of winter's storms;

Each leader's throne is on a mossy log,
His booming bass resounds from bog to bog.
Mosquitoes too, with twenty-million power,
In concert join to charm the evening hour;
Such music soothes the Sphinx when Nile is high,
Old Egypt's chorus—twilight's lullaby.

---

## THE GARDEN

The voice of Eve is calling from the earth—
"Come forth, my children, Eden gave ye birth;
"To ease the toil, which followed from our Fall,
"I left the garden-longing to ye all."

The poorest city widow's window-sill
Holds fragrant pots which lend her memory's thrill;
The tiny yards behind some cheerless row
Of close-packed tenements will often show,
In miniature, fair pictures to the sight,
Which is some gardening amateur's delight;
The rich suburban, too, now squanders free
His rolls of bills on bulb, or plant or tree,
His tulips glare with reds and whites and yellows.
He counts no cost, to beat the other fellows.

The towns and villages can best display
The rich variety of Spring's array,
A half an acre seems a broad estate,
To skilful tillers who manipulate
Each inch of space, like wizard Japanese,
To make a Paradise of vines and trees.
The market garden too—but here we stop;
This is no catalogue of sorts or crop;
Yet we may challenge tropic lands to show
Such wealth as our Canadian gardens grow.
It seems that near the fruit zone's northern line,
The garden gods of old sat down to dine.

They drank and gormandized to gross extent,
And left their flavor-basket when they went.
Now let us drop this boast and plant potatoes,
And near the end of May we'll set tomatoes.

---

## THE WOOD

Great Manitou! Inspire these sylvan rhymes,
Give back the magic sweetness of old times,
When we were brothers of the Indian race,
Free-born and straight, and feared no master's face;
For we were forest-schooled and forest-bred,
The sap-trough was our cradle, and we fed
On partridge berries in the long ago,
Thro' greenwood alleys where no pygmies grow.

Arabia Felix! Hast thou such perfumes
As pines and spruces breathe when spring resumes
Its chemic labors? Then the precious balm
Of Gilead's poplars blend with noontide's calm;
The cedar's resin, and the birch's tails,
With basswood umbells, scent the hills and dales,
Where cattle graze on dandelion gold,
Which spangles native pastures, rich and old.
O, what a magic transformation scene
From buds of varnished brown to leafy green!—
Our climate is impatient, bold and strong,
The spring is short and seems a passing song.
The maples and the beeches now display
Their emerald crowns on our young Queen of May;
The lofty elms show vernal 'broidery,
Which lend designs for Gothic tracery;
The foliage of the oak and ash comes last—
Then plant your Indian corn—the frost is past;
The evergreens along the forest-fringe
Now push their tender shoots of lighter tinge,
How that young hemlock (Abies Canadensis),
In fairy lace-work draped, enchants our senses!

Kind Nature's Sanatorium! could we dwell
Forever there? Alas! we say—"Farewell."
Canadian children! plant at least one tree
This very spring, for love of forestry.

---

## THE NORTHERN FLORA

In blest Bermuda and Madeira Isles,
And in Peru eternal springtime smiles;
But Flora's female heart delights to show
Her varied dresses which Four Seasons grow.
She now appears a blooming April maid,
With Summer's roses soon to be arrayed;
When Autumn comes she wreathes with blushing leaves
Pomona's baskets and brown Ceres' sheaves;
With Winter's cloak of cedar, spruce and pine,
She will adorn Aurora's home divine.

It needs the ozone of our northern clime,
The storm and cold, to soar to the Sublime!
Free Northmen broke the chains of ignorance
And shook dark nations from their bestial trance;
Let southern satyrs dance to Piper Pan,
The rugged North alone, can grow A MAN!

---

## OUR ONTARIO

Ontario, the sunny! France or Spain,
Or famous Italy can never chain
Enraptured Fancy, nor delight the soul
Like thee, most witching maid in Beauty's roll.
'Mid waters sweet enthroned, thy fertile soil
Is blessed with corn, rejoiced with wine and oil;
Abundance fills thy lap with gifts benign,
With milk and honey, laden tree and vine.

A galaxy of sisters proudly group
Around thy central seat—a glorious troop—
Elects thee Queen—Niagara sings praise,
And wreathes thy diadem with jeweled sprays.

Ontario, the Heiress! Empire's Star
Glows overhead—Britannia Major's car
Rolls on the beams of morn, which gild each shore
Of our rich homestead—this Dominion's core.
Vast arteries of trade, and world-paths wide,
Grim Vulcan welded in thy throbbing side;
Thro' massive locks the inland waters flow,
And Neptune's steeds awake Ontario.

Toronto claims to be Ontario's heart,
Her seat of learning, and commercial mart;
This Wonderland now challenges the globe
To match the jewels on her daughter's robe;
The Queen of Beauty—Our Ontario—
Is now with blossom's promise all aglow.

---

## CONCLUSION

Kind Nature's works are mirrors which reflect
The Hand of God, the Master Architect,
In all the wonders of the star-sown field
Of boundless space—to science unrevealed.
The telescope amazes us with awe,
The microscope gives glimpses of His law.
But these high notes suit not our minstrelsy,
Our theme is Spring, when all may read and see
That "seed-time, and the harvest," were ordained—
And our Canadian Home is Paradise Regained.

# : SUMMER :

## A SOLAR TOUR

On Fancy's wing, this rosy morn in June,
Let's meet the Sun, where Neptune's mermaids croon
The sagas of the north—those old sea songs—
Creation's morning hymns, which Time prolongs.

Above Cape Breton's rugged rocks we soar,
On Sol's gold motor car we swiftly tour
Across our freehold, God-reserved estate,
The seat of Empire! Canada the Great!
We leave behind the banks of silver fish
Where sea-folk heap our nation's dinner dish;
Pass Nova Scotia's orchard-studded vales,
New Brunswick's forests, Ocean's fogs and gales,
And leave Prince Edward Island on our lee,
Then up the Gulf, that gateway to the sea.

Saint Lawrence! Noblest river on the earth!
Ten million crystal streamlets gave thee birth;
Pure as the melting snow this paragon
Excels the Ganges or the Amazon,
The Mississippi, or the muddy Nile—
Thy fountains flow from Minnehaha's smile.

Quebec, all hail! Laurentian sentinel!
Three centuries have crowned thy citadel;
The land that Moses viewed from Pisgah's height
Was but a county in Jacques Cartier's sight.
His eye of faith, from Stadacona's brow,
Saw this Dominion as we see it now.

Aurora leads the way past village spires,
Where happy habitants revere their sires,
The sons of valiant coureurs de bois,
Who braved the woods and haughty Iroquois.
Past Montreal, the mistress of the lakes,
Manhattan's rival when the North awakes;
See that broad river, dancing in the morning,
The lordly Ottawa, our capital adorning.

Ontario now her swelling bosom heaves
Beside the Province crowned with maple leaves!
Toronto, Queen of Cities, comes in sight,
Like Eden's heart, a place of pure delight.
We linger not by these sub-tropic shores,
But spread a rainbow where Niagara roars,
And leave these vineyard-checkered scenes to blush
With downy peaches as we onward rush;
Ontario's children! stalwart men of toil!
Be worthy sons of sires who claimed this soil.
On Huron's wave next seems to glide from view
A wraith or spirit in a white canoe;
Perhaps 'tis Hiawatha sailing home
To romance land upon the curling foam.

We swiftly pass Superior's pictured rocks,
To green-waved plains, where Manitoba's shocks
Of heavy sheaves will shortly stretch their lines,
Like countless veins in dreamland's golden mines.
This was the Great Lone Land not long ago,
But Provinces are crops it now doth grow;
Transplant half Europe's kingdoms, if you can,
Then lose them all in broad Saskatchewan.
Alberta's boundless prairies loom ahead,
Where London could be fed on beef and bread;
And farther north we pass a territory
Where Norway could be hid in forest glory.

The foothills now appear in terraced pride,
The skirts which clothe our Rocky Mountains' side.
Here looms the backbone of this continent,

Each rock-ribbed peak is Freedom's monument;
Erected high by Earth's volcanic fires
For God's cathedral, tipped with snowy spires.
We leap these barriers on the beams of light
And chase the flying gray-clad scouts of night
Across a sea of mountains, hills and vales,
A larger Scotland and more genial Wales.
The forests here show giants which were old
When Cortez tortured Mexico for gold;
These trees are rooted in the treasure-lode
Of Banker Bullion's cavernous abode;
These vales bear fruits of beauty more divine
And more profuse than Israel's Palestine;
These royal salmon rivers pour their wealth
In Our Columbia's purse for fiscal health.

The sea! the sea! the broad Pacific's smile
Now laves that priceless pearl, Vancouver's Isle;
And thou! Victoria! Empress-Queen the Great!
Gave name and prestige to our western gate.
'Tis morning still, the hours are yet but four
Since we sped west from stern Atlantic's shore;
Like Shakespeare's Puck, we've girdled the Dominion,
And rode on solar Time's diurnal pinion.

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## TROLLING

Saint Peter, be our guide, for thou art he
Who hauled the fullest net in Galilee;
Yet Izaak Walton cast the truest line,
And as an angler was as much divine.
So we invoke these master-fishermen
To make us mediums, and be sports again.

Esox nobilior! (That's the Latin name
For maskinonge) ; the fish that is more game
Than any tarpon in the ocean's brine,
Whose tug-of-war would break a salmon line.

The lake reflects the fading morning star,
The east is rosy, and we hear afar
The cow-bells tinkle as the farmer's boy
Calls Boss! and Brindle! Blossom! Jet and Floy!

Now, Ben! good luck, such as the lies you told
To that rich Cockney, when with him you trolled;
Shove off the boat and try the eastern shore
A mile or two, but grease that squeaking oar;
The silver spoon, you say, with that red feather?
Now, Arch, old boy, we'll reel them off together.
We glide along, the lake seems smoky glass,
There jumps ahead a breakfast-hunting bass.
Just feel that line, it vibrates in the hand
Like hers in yours—when—well—you understand.
A bite! a bite! now, Ben, just lessen speed!
Confound the luck! I've only got a weed!
Then partner Archey mutters something low—
Perhaps a prayer, but Ben keeps rowing slow;
A bite he has, for eighty yards away
A 'lunge turns summerset, and throws the spray
Above the whirlpool, where he madly dove—
Ben steers the boat for Daddy Cornstalk's cove;
Haul in the slack! he deeply sounds, and then
It tightens hard, and off he shoots again
Far to the left, now gently play it out,
He struggles hard and throws a water spout;
Again he dives, then rushes to the right,
The line cuts zig-zags in the gallant fight.
Now haul him steady, give him little slack—
B'gracious goodness! what a lengthy back!
A careful swing—he snaps beneath our feet,
Ben's hand now grasps a bolt upon his seat—
One loving tap, our northern pride and prize,
The king of fish, soon quivers, gasps and dies.

As Truth is mighty, sports should not astound her,
But that big 'lunge was plump a twenty-pounder.
Then Arch his flask of red old rye produced,
The sun arose as we our gullets sluiced.

By Seven-Mile Island, twenty yards from shore
We hooked one sixteen-pounder, then a four,
A pair of sixes, then another whopper
Downed hook and spoon, which had been changed to
copper;
Then by the lily pads and grassy bogs
We caught a dozen bass—the bait was frogs.

As noon approached the fish had ceased to bite,
But Archey's flask produced an appetite;
So we agreed to camp and cook a dish—
A Chinese secret—chowder made of fish;
Saint Peter, say, and Father Izaak, do
Celestial palates ever taste such stew?

## HOEING

What visions prompt the pen to eulogize
The farmer's treasure trove, the poor man's prize;
The Red Man's succotash, so sweet, so good,
Which yet suggests the virgin, vanished wood;
Longfellow's pen had strength and grace to praise
Our Indian corn, our peerless yellow maize;
So when the blades of corn are broad and green,
Then cultivate the rows and dress them clean.

The hoe must shine betwixt the hay and grain,
The horse and scuffler must slay weeds again;
Potatoes blossom in their twice-hoed rows,
The Indian corn defies the thieving crows;
The mangolds gleam like soldiers out to drill
And swell with pride that Winter's maw they'll fill;
Look at that field of infant turnips well,
So straight and mellow is each parallel,
That rule and line could never find a flaw
In ridges that our skilful plowmen draw;
The plants are just a foot and half apart,
The boys have hoed them once before they start
Athletic harvest games, which need more muscle
Than baseball, or lacrosse, or football's tussle.

# GRASS AND HAY

Not grain, nor fruits, nor gold or silver mined,
With coffee, silk, or cotton, all combined,
Can balance on the scales against the grass
Of temperate zones, which tropic lands surpass.
Creation's Artist painted Nature's scene
On Eden's carpet, everlasting, green.
The cow was foster-mother of our race,
And suckled Adam when he fell from grace;
The hunters and the herdsmen roamed afar,
And pastures were the first great cause of war.

"All flesh is grass," and grass is king of crops,
Adorned each dewy morn with diamond drops,
Which sparkle on the spikes and plumes that wave
O'er fertile meadows, fit to cut and save.
Here comes the mower with its cutting bar,
More keen than Ancient Briton's battle car;
Now, Dick, the driver, chirrups to his team,
Down goes the timothy to wilt and steam;
The fragrant clover, rich with purple bolls,
The horse-rake combs and heaps in fleecy rolls.

Now, Kipling, fetch your fork, the furnace glows;
Come, hire to your "Our Lady of the Snows";
She wants a man like you from hot Bengal
To pitch this heavy crop into her stall.
The sky is brass, the sun a white-hot coal,
This noonday heat would scorch a Hindoo's soul;
No, Rudyard, no, that cool verandah's shade
Has buttermilk for you, and lemonade;
No tenderfoot is wanted here to toil,
Such bards our clime would either roast or boil;
Two tough Canadians now are worth a score
Of "merry scythemen" making hay of yore;
For while we talk, our Bob and Bill, or Jack
Have cut and raked, and put the hay in stack;
They milk a dozen cows and do the chores,
Then eat, and off to bed to blend their snores.

# SUMMER FRUITS

Canadian Summer! Lend thy vital fire
To melt cold language, and this pen inspire.
And Hope! permit these patriotic lines
To taste a little like old Virgil's wines.
If critics sneer—"That has a brassy sound,"
At least these runes were made upon the ground.
Like Goldsmith, we will trudge, and play the flute,
By pools of milk and honey, floating fruit.
On Canada's old limestone, florid wealth
Of vegetation riots mad with health;
Resistless glaciers in the Titan age,
On powdered rock, here wrote their title page;
A thousand forests on each acre died
To make the soil which is our country's pride.
Take down your botany, and learn each kind
Of food for man and beast, and here you'll find
Perfection nearest, on this hungry globe,
And Nature's fatness bursting thro' her robe.

Strawberries redden on the matted rows
Of this vast garden, and the cream o'erflows
From Jersey dairies, where the darlings graze
On June's white clover these celestial days.
Why mention raspberries to those who know
That they grew wild in "slashes" long ago?
A million acres then were thick with berries,
Both red and black, and quite as large as cherries.
The currant tribe, both red and white and black
All flourish here, and they retain the smack
Of demijohns of boy-forbidden wine,
Reserved for visits of our old divine.
Say, curious reader, did you ever stray
By some rich marsh, which grows the native hay?
There creeps the dewberry, and by its side
The purple gooseberry—beatified—
Like little honey-bags with violets spread
For children's baskets, when Fragaria fled.

But gooseberries in gardens we dismiss,
Yet taste again their grateful acid's bliss
With boyhood's hunger, when with sugar laid
In deep dish pies, such as dear mother made.

The cherry came from Persia, so they say,
Well, Cyrus and his army here might stay
A week or two, and with the birds dispute
Their title to a provinceful of fruit.
The Dukes, Morellos, Bigarreaus and Hearts,
Like gems in baskets, gleam in city marts;
Your choice, good madam—reds and whites or yellows,
But hear this whisper—"Take those black Morellos."

In quick succession bending plum trees spread
Their laden boughs around the picker's head;
Their names are many, but a crate we'll wage
That none surpass the famous old Green Gage;
Coe's Golden Drop is substitute for honey,
And Washingtons are better than your money;
But if you find the proper sort of Blue,
First eat a gallon, then get more to stew,
And fill your jars, like that good farmer's wife,
Such food and medicine prolong your life.

Niagara District next is all alive
With active pickers like a busy hive.
The carloads thicken and the steamers load.
Away! false prophets! Crawford's on the road!
Did California ever grow a peach
With such a flavor? Let the tourists preach
And brag their size. Our melons can excel
Their pears and peaches, tasting quite as well.
The apple orchard now we briefly scan.
The Early Harvest and the Astrachan,
With Bartlett pears, entice the buyer's eye,
In stores where Eve the devil could defy.
Shall we pass by these fields of red tomatoes?
Nor thank the Lord for blessed big potatoes?

The fragrant onion patches claim a tear
Of gratitude, because they're never dear
Like beef, and pork and poultry, which are rising—
With rents and whiskey cocktails—most surprising.
The vegetable garden we must view
In one quick glance, and fondly say "adieu."
The cabbage bursts its head with quiet glee,
Because they beat the Dutch—or Germany.
Come, lady, buy. Here's milky sugar corn,
And melting peas, and beans just lately borne
On market wagons, sparkling wet with dew,
With crimson beets and golden carrots, too;
Here's Paris Golden Celery—the best,
With Endive, or Cos Lettuce, and the rest
Of healthful salad dishes to your hand—
The best of tonics, and for nerves they're grand;
These cucumbers and squashes are a sight
To fill the eye, and feed your husband right;
If you're a vegetarian priestess, madam,
Your dinner table might seduce old Adam.

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## THE THUNDERSTORM

When June, July and August scorch the plains,
The sky's vast rivers pour electric rains;
The Sun, Life's Sultan, then reviews the field
Where spirits of the air their forces wield,
With balanced strength. There southern demons ride
On horses winged with fire from Aetna's side.
To meet the Greenland goblins breathing hate—
Now harvest trembles in the scales of fate.
Grim Thor's great meteor-chariot grinds and roars
From blue-black clouds with red volcanic shores.
The waltzing whirlwinds vanish down the road,
With leaves and dust and straws—a spiral load;
The wind appears to die, then breathes again,

Like suffocation's heaving, strangling pain.
Then gasping hard, its leathern lungs expand,
When from the south, Boreas waves his wand;
His pipers from the north scream fierce and shrill,
His western trumpets call across the hill;
The east wind blows the conch shells of the sea,
And Nature's hushed by his mad minstrelsy.
See! there they meet upon that angry lake,
Their battle-blows big yeasty maelstorms make;
But white sea-horses from the northern side
Charge roughly on, and then triumphant ride;
The sun retires behind an Alpine cloud
Of ghastly whitness, like a witch-wove shroud,
Its edges change to gold, then red and grey,
Then sable plumes obscure the god of day.

There booms the opening gun, and then another,
All living things now run to Earth—their mother.
The cattle huddle in the thicket's screen,
The silent birds fly to the densest green
Of lapping cedar boughs, and squirrels peep
From hollow knot-holes, where their stores they keep.
That fisherman has strained his wind and limb
And won the race; a safe caboose for him
Is that old dugout, overturned on shore—
Diogenes, the cynic, had no more;
Did those fool yachtsmen swamp, or overturn?
To furl their sails, such lubbers never learn.

Hurrah! old Tom and Jerry! you're the team
That never failed. You yanked beneath the beam
This hurried load, now safe upon the floor—
Now, boys! be quick! and shut the big barn door;
Unhook the horses, Will, and rub them dry,
We'll give them feed and water by-and-by;
The women, too, have gathered from the line
The weekly wash, now dry and white and fine;
They shut the windows, and the cats retire
Beside the chimney's smoky kitchen fire;

The brave old dog has lost his martial air,
And sneaks along the woodshed to his lair.
The darkness thickens, sulphuretted gas
Comes from the mouth of distant thunder's bass;
Be silent, children, let us all revere
The footsteps of the Lord—His voice is near.

Great single drops upon the shingles beat
And splash the dusty yard like Pussy's feet;
They are the skirmishers who lead the way,
And then the infantry begin to play
A steady volley from yon dripping cloud;
A flash of blue-white lightning, then a loud
Report from Thor's big gun reverberates
From hill to hill, from earth to Heaven's gates,
The deluge has arrived. Aquarius pours
Swift sheets of water from the battered doors
Of those cloud-mountains, hidden now from view,
The sky and earth seem Chaos—born anew.

The torrid heat-waves quiver in the gloom,
When suddenly an ice-wave fills the room
With frigid air, and then we know that hail
Has been evolved from that wet comet's tail;
It rattles on the windows like the hand
Of midnight ghosts from terror's spectre-land,
It trails across the lake its sheets of foam,
And smites friend Gardener's crop and vineyard home;
His greenhouse roof is splintered with the crash,
His hopes and labors vanish in a flash.

The battle shifts along the horizon,
Gun answers gun, the combat is not won
Until the batteries have tumbled down
The watery mountains on the earth's dry crown.
An hour has passed, and Nature smiles again,
The thirsty earth has drunk the copious rain;
The water-bells chime praise from brook and rill,
And birds sing psalms to God—their Father still.

# THE PRINTERS' PICNIC

The city swelters in a summer swoon,
Its crater's mouth breathes ninety-one at noon.
The pavement's dust is ground from bones of men,
Their sweat and blood has sprinkled Mammon's den;
The air is charged with foul humidity,
The walls exhale a fierce torridity.
Off to the suburbs, join this picnic band,
The WORLD is on a spree to Gypsyland.

Come, join these pale-faced wizards of the press,
Old Mother Nature calls them to caress
Her charms by lake, and in the wild green wood—
The FOREMAN "made-her-up," and called her "Good."
They leave the type for one long summer day,
With wives and children sally forth to play.
What care they now for telegraphic news,
The champion liar, or the poet's muse?
Collisions, murders, fires or war's red glare,
Or social gossip of the bon-ton fair?
Let racing experts scorch their throttles hoarse.
And stocks out-yell the Count de Graft's divorce,
These artisans don't care an old brass button
For bargain sales, or price of beef and mutton;
Election frauds, or Yankee cagle's scream
Are to our typos but an opium dream.

Let's mount the trolley and away, away!
Past Howard Park, and charming Humber Bay;
Now hold your sweetheart hard, for gracious sake,
And whirl away to Long-Branch by-the-Lake.
Arrived! Dismount! Now squires, escort your dames,
The athletes strip for the Olympic games.
The dear committee, chosen for their beauty,
Like warriors bold, are prompt for female duty;
The big-browed editors are on the level
With common craftsmen, also with the "devil";

Those exquisites, the clerks, have thrown away
Their airy graces, now they're out to play;
The young reporters—midnight's mousing owls—
Are more like gamebirds than Minerva's fowls;
The ladies, bless 'em, now relax their rule—
The kind Czarinas close domestic school;
Their weaker halves can frisk and play like boys
And join the children in their kidkin joys.

The sporting editor will tell you all
About the races and the games of ball;
How young and old, the lean and men of fat
Showed Longboat's form or Casey's at the bat;
How ladies mingled in the tournament,
And little children their first efforts lent
To make this holiday a grand success—
Now eat your supper, and the Giver bless.
This gypsying has proved a happy day,
A mile-post in our lives—but come away;
Leave grass and groves, and brook and lake behind
The chairman thunders "Time!" The mills must grind.

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## CITY RESORTS

The city offers many mad delights
To those who quiver at tom-foolish sights;
Down at the "Midway" they present such tricks
As captivate those merry lunatics.
When you are weary of dull labor's load,
Just join the throng that cluster on the road
Which leads to Beach or Island, thro' the shrouds
Of red Sirocco's microbe-laden clouds.
Jump on the car, and grasp the friendly strap
And don't butt down on that fat lady's lap;
Don't growl, or push, or show the rage you're in,
And when your corns are trod on—gasp and grin.

Ah! here we swim, on perspiration's stream,
Adown the gay canal to "Madman's Dream" ;
But stop your growling, don't you feel the thrill
Like every Jolly Jack, or Giggley Jill?
Who now explode like ginger beer on ice,
And Mabel shrieks to Percy, "Ain't it nice?"
We bump-the-bumps, and shoot-the-chutes, and bound
From figure-eight to merry-all-go-round;
Trapeze performers terrify the sight,
And "new attractions" shock the nerves with fright;
Explore the sideshows and Aladdin's cave,
And get your fortunes told, ye lovers brave.

The learned ponies and the dogs display
Quite sense enough to pass the grade B.A.,
But with supreme contempt for wit or fool
The wisest guy is "Maud," the kicking mule.
The music, too, is soaring, drowning, grand—
An avalanche of rockets by the band;
No doubt it suits fine educated ears,
But one old fiddle fills more eyes with tears.
Be happy! cranks and cripples, let us stray
Along the beach, and watch the children play.
They live in fairyland, with joy more real
Than misers counting gold or gems can feel;
They splash like dolphins in the curling foam,
And build sand castles for a mimic home.

Now, this is thirsty talk, so let us see
If there's a drop of drink for you and me?
Ice cream and soda, and the various crops
Of guzzle-fizzes, made of drugs and slops,
Are here, of every color, taste and price;
So, "Bring us, miss, a quaff—at least YOU'RE nice."
Oh, for an old brown jug of honest beer,
Not to inebriate, but just to cheer
The cinders and the ashes of our hearts,
And salve the wounds of stern Misfortune's darts.
Alas! it cannot, must not, be allowed·
Just turn the picture. See that swinish crowd

In city bars, like herrings in a barrel,
Drink, sweat and smoke, and swear in drunken quarrel;
The atmosphere would choke a salamander,
Such swimming baths would nauseate a gander.

Hie to the park, this glorious Saturday,
With wife and "weans" enjoy your holiday;
The trees invite you 'neath their grateful shade,
The summer flowers are gorgeously arrayed;
The birds pour out their joyous minstrelsy,
Roll on the grass, and hear that bumble bee
Drone forth the march of his brown warriors bold,
Who gather honey for the winter's cold.

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## CAMPING

When grammar factories have done their worst
To ruin boys, some brain-bound lad may burst
Unfettered, free, original and bold,
From those scholastic, stony shells which hold
Their kiln-dried minds, which pedants vitrified
In college ovens, where Young Genius died.
A Dickens or a Dumas we have not,
A Blackmore, Cooper, or a Walter Scott;
But crowns are waiting in the Hall of Fame
For free-hand draughtsmen, which old Time will name.

Canadian legends linger in the shade
Of vine-festooned old cedars deep inlaid
With romance of the Red Man's history,
All scarred by French and English rivalry.
No river here, or bulrush-bordered lake,
Or waterfall, but Minstrel Scott would make
The scene of tragic love, of joys or griefs,
With nobler actors than his Scottish chiefs.
The martyr missionaries left a tale
To make his "Abbot's" purple nose grow pale;

The rum and brandy traders would enjoy
The trick to steal the breeks from bad Rob Roy.
His stories bristle fierce with swords and dirks,
With kings and outlaws, dwarfs and haunted kirks;
But here, in mighty dramas, heroes played
For continental stakes, and empires made.
What Dumas yet, will forest-life relate,
Or weave a love-tale with Tecumseh's fate?

Enough of this, such reverie beguiles—
We'll camp a month where virgin nature smiles.
It matters not, if north, or east, or west,
With summer's glory all the land is blest.
Our baggage must be light, our garments few,
No tourist's costume cumbers our canoe;
Some bacon, flour and salt, a pot and pan,
An axe and matches, and a water can;
A blanket each, some sugar, tea and Mocha—
We're millionaires afloat, and own Muskoka.
Kawartha Lakes! the Mississauga's pride!
Would that our souls might there forever glide,
With One long loved, and lost, from that dear shore,
Alas! the waters murmur—"Nevermore."

This is no tourists' guide of this fast age,
A dollar is the standard, and the gauge,
Of social worth, and at some grand hotel
The masquerading actors buy and sell
In Mammon's Fancy Fair, and hardly know—
Except mosquitoes—what the wild woods grow;
But we find beauty spots for many a day
From Huron to romantic Saguenay.

We taste the wine primeval, running red,
From tangled vines which drape our spruce-bough bed
The pine-cone's incense sanctifies the night,
The daytime's ozone breathes distilled delight;
The city's dust and smoke are far away,
And Strife and Sin dwell south of Camper's Bay.

# GRAY BIRD

## OR SONG SPARROW.

Sweet songstress, calm thy trembling form,
And still thy heaving breast;
No Herod seeks those treasures warm
Within that downy nest;
That choir of music cells, wee wife,
In thy heart's raptures bask—
Celestial tinted drops of life,
Thy hopes, thy fears, thy task.

Our modern wizards swell with pride,
Their phonographs and wires,
Almost convince them that they guide
Dame Nature's hidden fires;
But in those shells are songs sublime,
That bring the Author near,
Transmitted on the thread of Time—
Eternal echoes clear.

Rejoice! our northern nightingale!
Thy plumes of mott'ed gray
Entice no hunter's leaden hail
For woman's vain display;
Not gold, nor gems, nor Tyrian dyes
Suffice for Fashion's dance;
She slays bright couriers of the skies
With careless ignorance.

Our joyous minstrel's summer song,
The northern woods make gay,
The southern citrus groves prolong
Their winter roundelay;
Thro' nation's gates no conqueror
E'er passed more bold and free,
The marching sun's their emperor,
Their flag and boundary.

## SUMMARY

Luxuriant Summer pours her coins of corn
From Nature's mint in Plenty's brimming horn;
The sun, the soil, the rain, the vital air,
Combine their magic in this climate rare,
To show Perfection in her ripened form
On Model Farms, so broad, so rich and warm,
As we possess in Canada's domain,
Where Farmer-Kings and Queenly women reign.

Our latitude and isothermal line
Both correspond with the historic Rhine,
With Spain, or France, and famous Asia Minor,
Not Persia or Cashmere have summers finer.
The best thermometer is what we grow
In this pen-slandered land of ice and snow,
What country on the globe such honors bear
For quality of apple, peach or pear?

Our vineyards here are running red with wine,
Of flavor and aroma most divine.
We only need the skill and industry
To match fair France in vintage mystery;
The markets of the world proclaim the grade
Of grain which Nature's northern forces made.
Let foreigners attend our fairs and see
The cream and essence of good husbandry;
Let them condemn our products if they can,
And learn that Canada's best crop is MAN!

If these wild flowers from Aurora's land
In Summer culled and strewed with careless hand,
Should please a few, the labor's not in vain,
And we may meet in Autumn soon again.
So ends this partial Summer eulogy,
With truth and love for our apology.

# : AUTUMN :

## MEDITATIONS

Great artists have depicted autumn scenes;
They splash their canvasses with russet-greens,
With orange, shaded to umbrageous browns,
And daub chromatic discord on the gowns
Which Autumn wears, with all the tints of red,
And scarlet flames, impasted thick with lead;
They fail to hang a screen of mellow haze
Like fairy lacework o'er their sun-dyed days;
They do their best and much we should admire
Their gifts of lighting coals at Nature's fire.

So, too, with words, they fail to ease the soul
Of dumb delight, when Autumn pictures roll
In panoramic, mystic sad procession,
Towards that door where Winter holds possession.
This season typifies a queen reclining,
Her variegated robes and crown resigning
To Winter's chambermaids, who sing to sleep
Their royal mistress, whom they warmly keep
Upon a couch, which Snowflake drapes with feather,
More soft than down, against old Zero's weather.

Suppose we sketch an autumn leaf upon
Our Nature Student's Pictured Lexicon;
The groundwork is of green—for heaven's blue
Was mixed in May with yellow Sunbeam's hue,
To blend this universal, grateful shade,
Which from the sugar-sap the Artist made.
It signifies that Canada is young
Since from the Indian woods our nation sprung.

These crimson veins and blushes tell the tale
Of fiery fights with thunder, heat and hail,
Such as our fathers fought to guard the tree
Which bears Canadian Caps of Liberty;

These colors represent the rich, red blood,
Transfused to spread the Franco-British flood.
This dying leaf has left upon the stem
Another bud to grow an emerald gem
When Spring returns; so should we plant a tree
For every one laid low by forestry.
Inlaid with gold this leaf from our fat soil
Gives promise to the horny hand of toil
That Labor shall be crowned with maple leaves,
And Ceres shall be throned on wheaten sheaves.

Come, children, come, and we'll a-nutting go,
Gay thro' the woods we'll ring a wild Halloo!
These dry pen pictures we will leave to those
Who love the house. Come, we will tear our clothes
Among the thorns and briars, and we'll shake
The loaded boughs, and squirrel joys partake;
The walnut, chestnut, hickory and beech,
With oaks and hazels, merry nutters teach
The joys of roving, careless, happy, free,
In Nature's Object-School of Forestry.
The fairy artists of the woods will print
Our very souls in Autumn's royal mint;
At eve, when hunger bids us homeward troop,
We'll rouse the neighbors with our Indian whoop!

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## HARVEST

The barley yellows on the upland slopes,
The drooping heads fulfill the farmer's hopes;
The fall-sown wheat is swelling full with haste,
The reaper rattles on for fear of waste;

The oats are nodding, and the peas demand
The farmer's care, his work, his eye and hand;
The thrasher whistles up the dusty road.
It threatens thunder—"Hurry up that load."
A farmer now must be an up-to-dater,
A half-a-horse and half-an-alligator.
Let us contrast our fathers' hand-reaped treasure,
With modern styles, and also change our measure.

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## TWO HARVESTS

In the dreamy days of romance,
Or the classic times of old,
Madam Ceres bore a sickle,
And her robe was cloth of gold;
Then the pipes of Pan were merry
And old Butler Bacchus laughed,
When the harvest strewed its treasures,
And the vintage blood was quaffed.

Gone are rake and scythe and cradle,
And the bands of merry men,
Now no troops of maids and mothers,
Make the echoes ring again,
As afield they bore the baskets,
With a banquet fit for kings,
And the harvest angels blessed it,
As they fanned it with their wings.

Now a buzzing demon rages
With the boss upon its back,
Swift around the yellow acres,
Spitting sheaves along its track;
And its shark-like teeth are grinning
When its bowels choke with straw,
And it chuckles at the master
With his "Gol-darn, gee-up, haw!"

At its tail a lonely shocker
Lurches sadly down the swath,
Cursing boss, and flies and weather,
With tobacco-juicy wrath.
He's no lunch, or cider firkin,
Coffee can, or jug of beer,
But some musty oatmeal water
Keeps his flow of language clear.

All the boys have gone to college,
Where they curd their milky brains,
Or assist in store or office.
Counting other people's gains;
A pianoforte is purchased
For the girls to soothe the ear
Of their mother at the washtub,
In the woodshed—poor old dear.

But some fellow in an office,
On a leather-cushioned chair
Some dark day will reap that farmer
When the hard times curls his hair;
For some hypnotizing agent,
With his double-swivel tongue,
Tied a knot of notes around him
When his magic song was sung.

Hurry is the modern watchword,
And a wheel supplants a man,
And the crop of men grows thinner
As the farmer skins the land.
When the peasantry have vanished
To the barren slums in town,
Then the nation's arch will crumble,
As its keystone tumbles down.

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## HARVEST REVIEW

What phrase suggests such pictures to the eye?
What gift of God should man so glorify

As Harvest time? the proof most absolute
That man is higher than the fowl or brute.
He is a partner in the Great Design,
To Nature students, perfect, plain, benign.
It matters not what creeds or dogmas teach,
It matters not what science doctors preach.
No chance could ever multiply a seed
To feed a hungry man in time of need.

How wondrous is that miracle divine
Where Jesus changed the water into wine!
Our vineyards do the same in half a year,
But sceptics cannot see the Master near;
When loaves and fishes at His kind command
Were multiplied, they cannot understand
That it was but a leaf from Harvest's book,
And only differed in the time it took.
O, rob us not of those age-hallowed stories,
Suppose them fables, symbols, allegories;
Perhaps the Man intended all to see
That One could measure Harvest's mystery.

The good old Book contains in frames of gold
Word paintings of the harvest days of old;
The wheat sheaf was an emblem in those days
Which bound the ancients to Jehovah's praise;
Those literary fruits and flowers charm
The weary gleaners on this earthly farm;
How fascinating is that harvest tale
Of Ruth and Boaz? Modern authors fail
Because they work in fields of barren rock
Which even thorns and thistles scorn to mock.
Old Virgil, too, that poet most sublime,
Saw God in lesser gods, at Harvest time.

May we be sheaves of wheat in Paradise,
In family shocks, redeemed and free of vice;
The Harvest is the symbol of our hopes,
And Heaven-gazers need no telescopes.

## THRESHING

Away with flails, and oxen treading corn,
Which steel-toothed anacondas laugh to scorn.
They come! they come! the swarthy, oily crew,
They ask if supper's ready, and a few
Such points of Brown as—"How the deuce are you?
"And how's the kids, and how is Missus Brown?
"We'll thrash you first, and turn old Skinner down."
They "set" their engine and machine in place,
Then waltz to supper with Beau Brummel's grace.

The morn appears, their "gallus" engineer
Has oiled "her" up, then whistled loud and clear;
Toot! toot! she goes, the feeder takes his stand,
Zip! zip! that rascal never cut the band;
"Hi! Josh and Reuben! shove them oats along!
"Gol darn yer picters, don't ye hear the song
"Of this machine is pitched a mite too high,
"Just choke her full with that fall wheat or rye."

The English language cannot tell the tale
How this successor of the hoof and flail
Chews straw and grain with appetite voracious,
And calls for more when it becomes rapacious.
The pace is furious, every boy and man
Show vim as only good Canadians can;
They sweat like stokers and their trousers hitch,
The greenhorns suffer from the "barley itch."
Of course, the wind is dead ahead and strong,
The heat and dust accentuate the song
Of big Black Tom, whose orders never cease—
"Pitch down the barley, hustle down them peas."
The spouts are pouring streams of heavy grain,
Brown tends his boxes with his might and main;
His bins are bursting with the season's crops,
The monster slackens, blows off steam and stops.

The thrashers hasten to the supper board,
But do not wash, because they can't afford

To lose the suit of armor which they wear
'Gainst thistles, and the change of dirt and air.
No burnt cork minstrels ever cracked such jokes,
As this gay crew, who entertained our folks,
Like sailors from Munchausen's famous cruise,
With all the latest, local, spicy news.

What would old Rock-or-any-other-feller
Give for a thrasher's strong digestive cellar?
Good Mrs. Brown is active, smiling, charming,
As if engaged in human-ostrich farming;
The victuals disappear beyond all guessing,
Then Farmer Brown gives thanks for harvest's blessing.
Good night from all, with Bruno's farewell bark—
They pass the gate, and vanish in the dark.

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## THE FROST SPIRIT

The autumn sun at eve was bright and cold;
He seemed in wrath as his pale disc he rolled
Adown the Western slopes; the arc between
The zenith's blue and its gold base had green,
And grey, and purple strata, blended by the gale
From north-by-west, which bore the Polar mail,
The gale became a breeze, then gently sighed
And slept. The sable, silent hours set wide
Upon the towers of Heaven, the myriads bright
Of watching stars, the spirit guards of night.

Near morn a Presence, undefined and rare,
On down-tipped pinions, sailed the upper air;
Then circling slow, alighted softly down
On sleeping Mother Earth, and gazed around.
The dew drops shuddered at his frigid glance,
Each blade of grass became a silver lance,
The gourds and vines were petrified with fear,
And Nature's face was blanched as he drew near.

The sun arose 'twixt bars of copper red,
And mists like wool an eastward lake o'erspread,
To hide the ravished Flora from the fire,
Which gave her birth but now her death, and pyre.

A magic pool beneath the larches bore
An ornate crystal sheet, and deep in hoar
These words were traced in Runic type of yore:—

"I am the Artist from the Polar zones,
Whose palette gives the leaves their autumn tones;
I am the chemist on whose scales are weighed
The balanced elements, and Chaos stayed;
I cool the suns and lock the waters fast,
In icy reservoirs and mountains vast;
I am the son of Zero and I hold
The keys of life and death, of heat and cold;
My age is co-eternal with old Time,
And Odin's children named me Hoar or Rime;
I come to rule and write my name anew,
Which Fahrenheit calls Frost, or Thirty-Two."

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## COUNTY FAIRS

When Autumn casts its spell of sorcery
Upon the dreamy, hazy scenery
Of this voluptuous, variegated land
Then Labor wipes his brow and rests his hand.
At country fairs the visitor may see
Our fine Canadian breed of yeomanry
Bring forth their horses, cattle, sheep, and swine;
Their wives and sons, and daughters so divine;
(Excuse these rhymes, good critic, blame the pen—
Our girls can judge the swine—and also men);
See that big stallion, led around the ring
By bonnie Roy McTartan, who is king
Of all the grooms, bred in the land o' cakes,
His horse's neck the first prize ticket takes;

What Clydes and Percherons and Hackneys prance!
What thoroughbreds and trotters paw and dance!
When our brass band blares forth its best endeavor—
Like GABRIEL'S—"The Maple Leaf Forever."

But you were there, and saw the poultry show,
From Dominiques to Dorkings, white as snow;
The spangled Hamburgs, and the Derby Games,
The Bantams, Brahmas, and the endless names
Of egg producers, perfect to a feather,
The turkeys, geese and ducks were altogether
The finest vision of a Christmas dinner
That ever appetized a saint or sinner.

Old England's breeds of massive cattle show
How this adopted land such beef can grow
As would delight an epicure to stew,
Or make all Europe's kings a barbecue.
"Comparisons are odious," so 'tis said,
But quality goes with the Devon Red;
The black Polled Angus are about perfection,
Some judges claim upon mature reflection.
In point of form, without an ounce of waste
Their beef is marbled to a bishop's taste;
But Herefords and Shorthorns seem to lead
As manufacturers of beef from feed.
Ye "milky mothers!" shall we pass ye by
And praise no Jersey's liquid, loving eye?
Her deer-like limbs, her fawn and sable coat?
Sweet-cream-creator! on thy gifts we dote.
The Holsteins, too, are worthy of a bow
And, as a milk machine, the perfect cow.

No shepherd's land is this, because the dogs
Direct the farmers' energies to hogs;
But not upon the earth's green, juicy grass
Are finer sheep than these Southdowns we pass;
The Cotswolds and Merinos show their breeding
And do the climate credit, and their feeding.

Fair ladies! please excuse a half a line
Of unpoetic mention of the swine;
The subject might not do for Alfred Austin,
But pork and beans go down in classic Boston;
Permit the brief remark that if a Jew
Would taste pigs' feet, he'd be a Christian, too;
Our hams and bacon would a Rabbi weaken,
And he'd become a sparerib-eating deacon;
Ye Yorks and Tamworths, we shall meet again.
Your roasts will prove ye have not lived in vain.

The Hall! the Hall! here are the quilts displayed,
Which Aunt Jerusha and her daughters made;
The fancywork would need a catalogue
And would a smart reporter's brain befog;
Here's fluffy thingumbobs of silk and wool
And what-d'-y'-call-'ems, many a table full;
There crayons, water-color paintings, almost real,
And crochet wonders wound right off the reel;
Of fruit and vegetables we wrote before,
The grain exhibits are beside the door.
And there's preserves, and bread, and wine, and honey
With all the manufactures sold for money.

The children here first taste a strange world's joys,
And horsey sports discovered here by boys;
The brazen-throated barkers at the booths,
Seem demigods of eloquence to youths,
Who thought till now their stuttering auctioneer
Was great Demosthenes—when full of beer.
Here Cupid comes with quiver, full of darts,
And finds fair targets in young lassies' hearts;
He makes a bull's-eye of the Widow Huggey—
For her hired man now buys a new top buggy!

The horserace has attracted all the beaus,
And where George Byron hurries, Lulu goes;
We join the jam at risk of breaking bones,
And crush the corns of pious Deacon Jones;

Now stop right there, and tell no tales, but yet—
He was a fool on that strange horse to bet.
The country fairs are educative missions
That teach more points than greater exhibitions;
There friend meets friend around the social ring
And part by singing "God Save the King."

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## THE VIGNERON'S REVERIE

My rustic pen aspired to choose a theme
Beyond its simple stroke, but love supreme
For thee, O queenly vine, bade me essay
Such daring task, one glad October day.
A fairy screen of fine spun silver haze
Enveiled the earth, thro' which shot golden rays;
Upon the slopes the elvish heat waves danced,
Or were they sylphs, in solar dalliance?
The purple clustered vines were in a bath
Of all the joys that Indian summer hath.

Voluptuous vine; give us thy history.
Bewitching plant! dispel thy mystery;
Did Eden's Planter rear, or Pluto graft
The grape primeval, which old Bacchus quaffed?
Did chance produce the fire thy juices lend?
Or seraph-priest the flame from Heaven send?
Alas! thou cheering friend, or subtle foe,
Thy blood contains both bliss and bitter woe.

The Man of Sorrows said, "I am the Vine,"
He gave His cup—His symbol—to mankind;
But halt! a layman must not dare to quote
The poor man's Friend to point his anecdote.

NOTE.—This brief essay in verse is not intended to teach the vigneron's art. That is too profound a mystery for this little sketch to intrude on. But it may awake or stimulate the amateur or the novice to knock and enter the door that leads to the sanctum of horticultural felicity. As regards commercial grape culture, what a blessing would ensue if the vile drug-blended beverages that are in use were exchanged for the pure juice of this divine fruit—fermented or unfermented.

Still some extreme debaters use their wit
To prove that Cana's wine was counterfeit;
If so, explain to us, Sir Oracle,
How did those jars contain a miracle?

In man's romance an arabesque design
Is richly twined with tendrils of the vine;
Wise Solomon in song, his vineyard blessed
Inhaled its blossoms' scent, its clusters pressed;
From Hebrew harps flowed mellow symphonies,
The Persian bards trolled vinous harmonies;
And Greece, thy classic lyre forever swells
Adown the marching years. Ring, ring, ye bells!
Pass on the cup, the vineyard's bard comes now—
The crown is placed on gentle Virgil's brow;
He taught the art to dress the serried lines,
And drape Italia's elms with chosen vines.

Monastic walls preserved the pruning hook
From ruin's rust, when Alpine tempests shook
The sceptred Caesar's world. Their garden's charms,
No less than monks, taught ruthless Gothic arms
And sanguine Celtic hands the arts of peace,
And wanderlust in vine-clad homes to cease.
May cobwebs hide those faults which critics tell,
Of crook and cowl, that stained the Abbey cell;
For haply pilgrim's fare and bed were better
If Bacchus claimed the jolly monk his debtor.

By Heidelberg's great Tun! this reverie
Requires the pruning shears, for phantasie
Now paints the canvas thick with shifting scenes
Of rivers, castles, cellars, Kings and Queens;
With bishops, knights, and dames of high degree,
And patron saints of Falstaff's company;
All come arrayed in rich Oporto's dyes,
Then pass like winks from Widow Cliquot's eyes.

Let us invoke the muse of history
To lend her crutch, and pencil's tracery;

We'll follow threads from Sybil's mystic skein
To guide us to Pomona's regal train.
The ground is holy; let us look with awe
And see our limits in God's rigid Law,
Which baffles finite eyes that seek to ken
The Infinite's design—from grass to men.
Not evolution's microscopic gaze,
Its probes, its scalpels, and its keen X-rays,
The Why or Whence of life, can e'er locate,
In pumpkin head, or science wizard's pate.

Why not adopt for poesy's fragile loom
The old-world legends wove in twilight gloom?
The ancient sages pictured ideal man,
Embowered in Eden's groves before the Ban;
Since then those matchless flowers and perfect fruits
Partook of man's descent, to rank with brutes.
On blasted moors, the thorns and thistles throve;
To dwarf Eve's tempting tree, base genii strove;
In torrid forest glades the nectar turned
To bitter, acrid juice, which swine would spurn;
Man's penitential task has been to tame,
And weed himself—then Eden's fruits reclaim.

In Fame's bright hall, the patient gardener,
Finds scarce a niche; but what sly conjuror
Could change the sloe into the blushing plum,
Or from the crab could make huge apples come?
Produce the melting pear from its wild sire,
Or swell the peach, and tint its cheek with fire?
But Time has lent some sixty centuries,
For mole-like man to grasp these mysteries.

Time's merry troops of vintagers have spread
At last their banquets 'yond old Europe's head;
Their rich festoons adorn this western land,
From eastern capes to California's strand;
From table lands of tropic Mexico,
And drape the brows of fair Ontario.

Although Columbus bridled Neptune's steeds,
And gave new empires cultured men and seeds;
Yet fortune frowned on all attempts to train
The famous vines of Italy or Spain
East of the Rockies' range; nor Switz, nor Gaul,
Nor German vignerons could ever call
On saint, or spell, or craft, that had the power
To shield their care from dire disaster's hour.
The Hamburghs, Frontigans, the Chasselas,
The Muscatels, and all the rest, alas!
All, all succumbed to some mysterious spite
Which blasted foreign stocks with fatal blight.

But in the woods the wild vine flourished rank,
And clothed the rocks beside the river's bank;
Some large, some small, with berries thickly showered;
But all austere, or musky, foxy, soured.
About the time when steam replaced the sail
From Carolina came a joyous Hail!
Hail! Isabella, queen and pioneer,
But now the dowager, the mother dear
Of vines indigenous. Unknown her birth,
But bearing native marks; perchance in mirth
Some dancing fairy virile pollen shook
Upon a female flower, which thus partook
Of blended virtues. Faults she doubtless had,
Yet 'scaped the woods and made the trellis glad.

Catawba next appeared as reigning belle,
Her gifts of copper-red possessed a spell,
Which for a time claimed primary regard,
Evangeline and Hiawatha's bard
An everlasting wreath placed on her brow,
So let no lesser hand attempt it now.
The century just past, had half rolled on,
When viticulture hailed its paragon;
For then appeared the standard pure and rare,
Of excellence supreme—the Delaware;
Her lineage none can trace, but experts guess
That Nature hybridized, and named her,—BEST!

As humming birds and lilies of the vale
And precious things like gems, are small in scale,
So in our tiny Delaware is blent
The hues of roses, and the violet's scent,
With dew distilled by bees, who mixed their store
With captive sunbeams—Eve could ask no more.

The basket-filling Concord claims a place,
As chief to feed the millions in the race
To give each city child a welcome feast—
Then mark her virtues most, her faults the least.
These and the Clinton starred the early stage,
In pictured catalogue's alluring page
Where hundreds now their native charms unfold,
Arrayed in purple, carmine, green or gold,
That challenge spies from Eschol to the Rhine,
To show such grapes with flavors so divine.

This outline sketch was drawn for you, my friend,
Not to instruct, but more to recommend
The noblest fruit to minds imbued with taste
And love of abstract beauty. High and chaste,
The worship of the fruits and flowers ensures
To artist souls, such pleasure as endures;
To cottage plot it lends refinement's hand—
Proclaims the lady—stamps the gentleman.

If you desire to drape a single vine
On trellis wire, or on an arbor twine
The sacred symbol of old Israel's joy;
Or should enlist your toil, or purse employ
Within our classic guild,—then list to me:
A course of thirty summers' husbandry
Has toned the vivid hues of youthful dreams;
The "penny fee" ne'er failed, but airy schemes
Of bursting purses, oft were spoiled and lost,
By insect pests, by mildew, hail and frost.

In brief, let students choose a loamy spot,
Which Sol can kiss, but rude Boreas not;

If it should slope towards a smiling mere,
Or flowing river's side, then prize it dear;
For when the frosty goblins of the air
Come breathing mischief from their northern lair,
On hopeful May,—those crystal star-strewn nights
When zephyrs die,—then misty water sprites
Defend the vines. The price of fruit must be
"Eternal vigilance"—like liberty.
Begrudge not birds their tax, nor tramps their share;
Go search the books, but authors all declare
That practice teaches more than theory,
And never fades, like phantom reverie.

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## THE ORCHARD

The apple orchard always was a theme
For Poesy's page and Art's alluring dream;
Beneath its boughs Sir Isaac Newton saw
The first grand sign of gravitation's law;
A falling apple rolling suns revealed,
And Earth's foundation stone was then unsealed.
Physicians, too, have placed the apple tree
High on the list of Nature's chemistry;
As food and medicine it does its duty,
And in "pomatum" ladies sought for beauty.
Dear Mother Eve should surely be excused,
Now that the serpent's head her seed has bruised
From any fault when yielding to temptation—
St. Michael could not face such fascination.
These pencil sketches must not hold our hand
From busy work in Autumn's Apple Land.

Come, Bob, and Frank, and Jim, and Bill, and Tom,
We'll pack the winter fruit which French call "Pomme."
The orchards have been bought, and off we go
To grade the best in broad Ontario.

The ladders, baskets, tools and stencil plate,
Are all aboard, the horses strike their gait
As down the road we bowl this frosty morn—
A cheerful crew as e'er to women born.

We cannot here relate the whole campaign,
The days of sunshine and delays by rain;
We will not mention farmers who would cheat
Their granny's donkey with a Pumpkin Sweet
And swear that it was Tolman, and that Pippin
(The fall variety) was best for "shippin' " ;
But Bob, our packer, was an old Professor
And what he didn't know, he proved a guesser.
We will not tell how some had clubbed the trees
And left the bleeding, naked heaps to freeze;
Or how some others covered every pile
With rotten straw, or stained horse blankets vile.
We will not tell of orchards crying out
For shallow plowing or for Piggy's snout
To tear the greedy sod, and burrs and briars,
Which robbed the trees, and lost their owners buyers
We pass those banquets which some kitchens spread—
At least those roosters, stewed in slops, were dead;
Blame not that farmer's wife, poor, toiling soul,
Her husband's heart is but a vacant hole.
Must we pass by such pruning as we see
In horticulture's school of villainy?
Yes, let it stand for other eyes to view
What "axe"-examples show them "not to do."
The day is dawning. Slowly we shall learn
Those orchard precepts which big profits earn.

Well, here's a model orchard that we'll pack,
Owned by a live Canadian—call him "Jack."
Along the north, and on the western side,
A shelter belt of spruces fairly hide
The diamond pattern of his thrifty rows,
Where "Number One" in red perfection grows.
The fruit is picked with tender, loving care,
Like eggs we handle those rich globes so fair;

With blossom ends the barrel then is faced,
Two bushels and three pecks Bob gently placed
In every barrel, well topped off to fill,
And headed down with cunning, expert skill.
In two short days we packed and marked the best
Three hundred barrels shipped from this wide west
To English markets, and that XXX brand
Would challenge quality from any land.

This subject calls for thoughts and words that glow
With praise for Baldwin, Greening, King or Snow,
The Ribston Pippin and the Bellflower pass
As good old standards, and next season's grass
Will be knee high before the Russets belt
Pomona's year, which early berries melt;
The old Red Canada can set a pace
And come in second only in the race
With spicy Spitzenburg—a bearer shy —
Or else a peer of matchless Northern Spy.
The list might be extended, but to save us
From flattery, we'll blame the tough Ben Davis;
An aged gard'ner once remarked that he,
Thought that those turnips tasted "apple-ey."

O for a thousand pairs of jaws to chew
A thousand suppers such as there we slew;
A noble turkey and a giblet pie,
A cold boiled ham, and "taters" white and dry,
With currant jell, and applesass and fixin's,
And pickles, and preserves, and other mixin's,
Which our good hostess and her daughters pack
Upon our plates, until our barrels crack;
At last, "enough" we one and all must cry,
But not until you've "topped" with punkin pie.

The supper over and the horses fed,
We smoke a pipe before we go to bed.
A jug of last year's cider Jack passed round,
Which sparkled in the conversation's sound;
It lubricated every throat and eye
And lit ambitious rivalry to lie.

Now Bob possessed a serious, subtle way
Of dressing truth with his wild fancy's play.
He garnished his remarks with "that's a fact,"
"I shot Niagara's horseshoe cataract,
In that birch bark canoe—but 'twas at night,
There was no moon, nor one electric light."
Jim told of trips with stock to Liverpool,
Bill in the slums of cities went to school,
At Glasgow and New York and bad Chicago,
Where all the sports and breakers of the law go.
So they astonished every verdant ear
With tales of whiskey lakes, and seas of beer—
Of storms at sea, of fighting mobs ashore,
Of shanty life when Frank possessed the floor.
He talked of herds of deer and mighty moose,
Of fighting packs of wolves—but what's the use
Of playing second fiddle to Othello
When acted by our Frank, whose tales were "yellow" ?
Then Jack's grandaddy, aged ninety-one,
Told how his life on that bush farm begun;
Of logging bees, and hunting deer and bear
"Down by the spring—jest over yender there."
He mentioned what his "heft" was, casually,
When he licked shanty men at Napanee,
And how, in '87, he "marched and fit,
Agin old Boney, who is runnin' yit."

Then Pete, the hired man, on his "according"
Played "Swannee River" 'n " 'Tother Side of Jording";
Those tunes our hearts vibrated like the drone
Of summer bees, or Jim's rich baritone
When we persuaded him with Pete to try
An orchard ballad of "The Northern Spy."

Then Ethel May was called on to recite
A home-made piece before she said "Good-night" ;
Her modest pose, pronunciation clear,
And bell-like tones, entranced her father's ear,
Her mother proudly smiled to think that she
Could charm such critics as our company.

Upon this fairy from Titania's train,
May many "Indian Summers" glow again
And crown with halos her young curly head—
She bows adieu, when grandad goes to bed.
This signal rang our concert's curtain down
Where each star actor won a rustic crown.

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## THE NORTHERN SPY

You may boast of the pineapple, orange, or date,
Or of mangoes or tamarinds, that satiate
The hot thirst of the tropics—which no one denies—
But they cannot compare with our own Northern Spys.

The red Baldwin is good, and the Gravenstein rich,
And the Snow apple may the Queen's palate bewitch;
But the essence of flavor and quality lies
'Neath the blushing round cheeks of our prize Northern Spys

Near the northermost line of the apple tree zone,
Fair Pomona now reigns, and the Spy is her throne;
Heat and cold, soil and air, sun and moon, wet and dry,
Have their elements captured by our Northern Spy.

When the Queen of the orchard has bathed in the haze
Of the Indian Summer's most exquisite days;
Then Jack Frost comes a-wooing at night from the sky,
And his kisses paint carmine and gold on the Spy.

They're the extract of sunshine from skin to the core;
Best to eat 'em like Eve, and then reach for some more;
You may bake 'em, or stew 'em, or cook 'em in pies—
But in dumplings the gods always eat Northern Spys.

In the assets which Nature has given this land,
There is none so exclusively held in our hand,
As the tree which all people should plant ere they die—
Even one, or ten thousand, of God's Northern Spy.

For the tree, and the leaf, and the bloom, and the fruit,
Are the nearest perfection, which none can dispute;
It's the standard to measure all apple trees by—
For one hundred per cent. is the grade of the Spy.

'Twas a dream of the fools and magicians of old,
To transmute stones and metals to genuine gold;
But the fairies of Norland now pour from the skies
Golden showers in barrels of Number 1 Spys.

They're the very same apples which caused man to Fall;
The first tree bore its beauties near Eden's north wall;
But the curse is removed, and now blessings arise,
Since the Lord sent Dad Adam to graft Northern Spys.

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## INDIAN SUMMER

Old Father Time sat on a rock,
Beneath a cedar tree,
The verdant moss and graceful ferns
Lent their embroidery
To drape his lichen-silvered throne;
It seemed that Paradise
Was on the landscape's easel spread
By Nature to entice
Angelic artists to attempt
To paint with tints of fire
Her glowing Indian Summer scenes,
Or seraph songs inspire.

Time gently called his daughters twelve,
To gather in his bower,
And said,—"My wife, my Anno dear,
My ever-blooming flower,
Come, we will choose a Beauty Queen
From these our daughters fair;
We love each one with equal heart,
Yet each has charms so rare

As to bewitch fond Fancy's eye,
So let them vote which one
Shall be our children's Queen, my dear,
And Nature's paragon."

First January dropped a pearl,
Engraved by Frost's keen blade,
In Time's old ballot-box—his glass;
And next the fur-clad maid—
Sir Cupid's February—gave
Her vote on birchen bark;
Then bouncing March threw in a bunch
Of willow buds to mark
Her choice of Queen, and after her,
Sweet April wove a name
Of pale blue violets, wet with tears—
From Love's deep fount they came.

Now May, with hawthorn blossoms crowned,
Came smiling as she polled
Her vote with lilies of the vale
Which in the hour-glass rolled;
Then lovely June, superb July,
And sun-browned August threw
Their roses, fruits and golden grain—
No envy either knew;
Voluptuous September passed,
And dropped into the urn
A blood-red poppy for a sign—
Which artist minds discern.

October then with conscious blush,
And glancing shy at May,
A royal bunch of grapes brought in,
Upon a golden tray;
But Time said, "Hold, my sand-worn glass,
Shall never hold that treat,
The polls are closed, those luscious grapes,
With Anno I will eat;

I know, my dear November,
And dear December, too,
That you no jealousy will show,
Nor this election rue.

"I've counted all your ballots right—
October takes the crown,
For nine have voted straight for her,
And she has written down
Her vote for May, which shows that she
Has modesty to grace
Her matchless form, her fragrant breath,
And mist-veiled fairy face,
Her robes are purple, red and gold,
Her sandals russet-green,
Our child October, Anno, dear,
Is Indian Summer's Queen."

O, happy, dreamy, golden days!
The autumn of the soul!
Too good for earth, too brief for heaven,
Thy precious moments roll
Our rounded lives towards the mark
When Time shall be no more,
And Winter's winds shall waft us to
Eternity's wide shore.
O, may the Indian Summer clime
Prevail, if we may roam
With loved ones who have gone before,
In God's rich Harvest Home.

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## AHONK! AHONK!

Canadian geese passed suth'ard yesterday
The patriotic ganders would not stay;
(Not those who honk at Ottawa, you know,
Tho' strong in wind, their speed is far too slow).
Our birds of passage muster all their clans,
The frosty fogs each restless pinion fans.

As bang! and bang! and bang! the hunters rake
The wild rice feeding beds which edge the lake.
Perhaps the ducks and geese enjoy the fun
Of playing tag to City Nimrod's gun;
They know that ere their gizzards line his pot,
He'll waste at least a hundred weight of shot.

The teal have gone, the plover and the rail,
The black duck quacks and wags a parting tail;
The redheads gather like that mighty host
Which Milton spoke of. Bang! we've shot a roast!
At sixty yards our double-barrel won
The most imperial feast beneath the sun.
Farewell; our feathered friends! a long good-bye!
Your suth'ard passage makes November sigh;
The chickadee for many a winter week
Must cheer our hearts against the blue-jay's shriek.

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## GOOD-BYE, AUTUMN

What mem'ries hover 'round the Indian corn!
Suggesting "Johnnycakes" and pancakes born
In mother's frying pan, whose fragrant steam
Still conjures up an old man's youthful dream.
The "huskin' bees," and coon hunts slowly pass,
With Aunt Mariar bilin' "punkin' sass" ;
He hears the neighbors after Sunday meeting,
In homespun clothes, exchange Thanksgiving greeting.
Those days have gone, and we have grown so big
That Jack's machines his small potatoes dig;
Back in the days when maple forests fell
Before the axe, we can remember well
What prize potatoes grew among the stumps
Where leafy mould and ashes hid such lumps
Of floury "Cups" and "Kidneys" so gigantic
That they would drive a Cobalt miner frantic.
The turnips now are hauled, the mangolds stored,
The silo's walls contain a precious hoard

Of fodder rich with summer's succulence
That winter dairies will to cream condense.

How sad the landscape seems, the trees how dead!
How sullen frowns the sun, the skies are lead;
The weather gods engage in deadly strife,
It is a funeral time for insect life;
If one could choose a fitting time to die,
In drear November's arms 'twere well to lie;
Perhaps—no, certainly—at least, we hope—
That we, like worms, in Spring will Upward grope.
"God speed the plow," yet let us rest upon
Its handles while we scan the horizon;
Do we gain wisdom with the flying years?
Can wealth and science banish human tears?
Why should our Saxon greed do social harm?
Destroy the cottage and the little farm.
Our fathers' homesteads greedy grabbers carve,
Their sons must serve their "lords" for hire or starve;
Some foreign race of peasants yet may hoe
Deserted farms in bare Ontario;
A Latin race our eastern lands may wrest,
And yellow Japs may subdivide the west.

Away with melancholy, it was born
Of thick fat bacon that we ate this morn.
That sloping field presents a cheerful scene,
With fall-sown wheat, it's matted now with green;
The reverend crows caw-caw our groans with scorn,
As they investigate the shocks of corn.
The season's work is done, the plowshare gleams
That Jack will guide against the choicest teams
And skilful men, who congregate tomorrow
At such a plowing match as buries sorrow.
Our sporting editors can give a page
Each day to races, and such sports as rage
Among the city greenhorns, who don't know
The proper end where horses' tails should grow;
They gloat upon the fact that Bob Fitzgibbons
Could punch the Czar of Russia all to ribbons;

They tell how Casey at the Bat is ready
To wallop Kaiser Bill or Terror Teddy;
The plowing match is such a noble game,
It makes their petty gambling sports look tame,
There man and horse, and hand and eye must be
All true and trained in field geometry;
Straight as the bullet from the rifled gun
The furrows shone when Jack the prize had won.

Let us dismiss these merry meetings all,
The auction sales of chattles in the fall,
Because some farmer rents his farm, or sells,
Then as a genteel village idler dwells.
Perhaps the hunting season we should dish
Upon this page, because we spoke of fish;
But, gracious, goodness! Antlers of the slain!
Let Scott or Cooper blow their horns again.
One thing is sure, our hunters disappear
By train, and then, come back again with deer.
Two each they'll have, if it should be their lot
To come safe home, and not themselves get shot;
However, let's believe each hunter's story—
We've got the venison, and they've the glory.

The air is heavy, like a funeral pall,
We now conclude this chapter on the Fall;
The north wind plays a shriller, merrier horn,
For Winter marches gay tomorrow morn.

# : WINTER :

## INVOCATION

Hail! Rugged monarch, Northern Winter, hail!
Come! Great Physician, vitalize the gale;
Dispense the ozone thou has purified,
With Frost and Fire, where Health and Age reside,—
Where Northern Lights electrify the soul
Of Mother Earth, whose throne is near the Pole.

Why should the children of the North deny
The sanitary virtues of the sky?
Why should they fear the cold, or dread the snow,
When ruddier blood thro' their hot pulses flow?
If Esquimaux can fatten on the seal,
Then we brave Beavers should not lack a meal.
The little squirrels chatter high with glee,
When winter rocks their cedar dinner tree;
The happy snowbirds search the tasseled weeds,
And make a banquet of their oily seeds.
We have the Viking blood, and Celtic bone,
The Saxon's muscled flesh, and scorn to groan,
Because we do not bask in Ceylon's Isle,
Where Heber said, that "only man is vile."

Suppose Sahara's heat one year should rage
Around a melting world, then would the page
Of human history contain—"The End!"
And Chaos on the earth once more descend.
The mighty glaciers would engulf the land
And man would mingle with old Ocean's sand.
Suppose an extra month of heat to burn
Beyond its bounds, it then would overturn

The glass of Time; who dares to prophesy
What pestilence would then corrupt the sky?
What insect hosts would breed from earth and air,
What floods and fires would spread a black despair?
But never fear, the Grand Geometrician
Adjusted nice His work in its position;
Since Noah's rainbow shone in Bible story,
The signet of Jehovah stamps His glory.

Let scientists explore the vast Unknown,
And fight with theories about a bone
Of saurian, mastodon, or Samson's donkey,
Or search for missing links 'twixt man and monkey,
But we, as laymen, must get down to earth,
And praise the clime which gave our nation birth.
Kind Winter is our theme. How joyous swells
That medley music from the sleighing bells?
Swift on the ice, Young Canada is gay,
With colored toques and mad with hockey play.
The air is pure champagne, and every sound
Tiptoes on velvet—Snow is on the ground.

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## WOODCRAFT

December days are short, the sun rides low,
And lengthy shadows play across the snow;
Each axe is ground, the lance-tooth saw is filed,
A stock of wood must now be cut and piled.
At early morn just hear the echoes ring
From wood to wood, where choral choppers sing
A shanty song, composed by some rude bard—
Some backwoods Moore—who had not much regard
For songsmiths of the operatic stripe,
But Nature lent him Pan's old silver pipe.
How gay at times, and then how sad his strain!
That shanty ballad tells us once again
The old, old tale, which poets ever chose,
Since Dido's death to Enoch Arden's woes;

His black-eyed Susan was a river belle,
And forty verses told the drama well.

The frost is keen, our bounding blood is warm,
Doff coat and mitts, then this old oak we'll storm;
Now right hand, left hand, time a steady clip,
Thro' bark and sapwood, what a solid chip!
Alternate blows ring steady, true, and strong,
In half an hour the notch runs straight along
The heart of oak, whose rings proclaim its age
To antedate the white man's pilgrimage;
Before Columbus steered his questing ships,
Rich cambium layers formed these solid chips.
A minute's rest and then the axes ring
Upon the other side with rhythmic swing;
The chips fly faster as the gleaming steel
Sinks deep and smooth. Hold! See the giant reel!
A gentle crackling sound, and then a shiver
Ascends the trunk, and makes the branches quiver;
We step aside to gaze aloft and see
The monarch bow with silent agony;
How slow at first, then faster, groaning, dying,
He breaks his back upon a hemlock lying
Across his path, as with a thunderous sound
His mighty arms embrace the frozen ground;
The echoes far away proclaim his fall,
A cloud of snow ascends to be his pall.

Romantic thoughts must now be put aside,
As giant-killing Jacks we must bestride
This image carved by sun, and frost, and storm,
In Odin's time, which will our hearthstone warm.
First cut the brush, then larger limbs we lop,
Like squirrels in and out, we nimbly hop
Among the rigid arms and gnarly bark
All seamed with lightning's deeply-graven mark.
Now pace the trunk along, there's sixty feet
Of clear-grained wood, before a limb we meet.
His fall was calculated with no flaw,
So block the middle and the butt we'll saw;

Mark twenty inches off, and now we'll see
If our new lance-tooth travels keen and free?
O Solomon, the Wise! When Hebrews cut
Old Lebanon's huge cedars, was a butt
Sliced near so slick, so quick, so true, and square,
For your great Temple, as that block cut there?

Eh? There's the horn, and every hungry sinner
For miles around must hurry home to dinner.
Suppose a city gourmand here should stray,
He'd smell his bill-of-fare a mile away;
So pure the air—that—by the holy Sam!
Our neighbor Jackson's wife is frying ham.
The nostrils are so keen, that we dissect—
Or diag-nose, perhaps—and quick detect
That Mrs. Flynn has cooked her brood a dish
Which smells aloud with thanks for "spuds" and fish.
What aromatic whiffs perfume the breeze
From Neil McWhusky's house, where rowan trees
Vibrate with glee, because old Janet's roast
Of mutton ribs is charred like burning toast.
No sooty smoke, no gasoline pollutes
Our oxygen, which those poor city brutes
Must filter thro' their choked asthmatic tubes,
And cough their jokes at verdant country Rubes.
Dyspepsia! Tell us what that ailment means—
But come along, we'll dine on pork and beans;
Heap up the plates, and pass hot cakes, good wife
A woodman's meal renews his lease of life;

No noonday rest can we afford to take,
But once again the strings of sawdust rake,
As block by block, the hissing saw cuts down,
From buttressed stump to splintered forky crown.
Our unaccustomed backs are somewhat stiff,
We find, when standing straight to take a whiff
Of woodman's solace from the corncob pipe,
And though it's zero, yet our brows we wipe;
Up-end a block, then true beneath our whacks
Like shivered glass the frozen heartwood cracks;

With solid cubes and slabs the snow is strewed
When every bone of Quercus we have hewed.
Six cords of wood, besides the limbs, proclaim
A lusty victory in Winter's game.
Don coat and mitts, and shoulder axe and saw,
'Tis only now we feel the east wind raw;
A streak of sullen red marks where the day
Has traveled west, thro' clouds of ghostly gray.
Here bounds old curly Punch, the wife's retriever,
Who barks—"The supper's hot, when I did leave her."

Another day, another joy we feel,
That hemlock is a foeman worth our steel,
He's frozen deep in rotten wood and mire,
But woodcraft and long levers pry him higher;
His outside shell is soft, his heart is stone,
His knots are harder than a fossil bone;
Yet soon his fibres form a glassy wall
Of wood, which frost and heat will dry by fall.
Then there's that old pine stub of thirty feet,
So fat with resin that its bottled heat
Will glow again, diffusing Sol's fierce rays,
Which it collected in primeval days.
That withered basswood, also, we must not
Neglect to cut, before destroyed by rot.
That leaning tamarac and old black birch
Will make some roaring chunks to give the church.

This hilly northwest quarter of the farm
Is here reserved for profit and for charm;
No tree is felled but many saplings leap
Into the gap, and Nature's balance keep.
And so we work all thro' our wood and thin,
But not destroy. May God forgive the sin
Our pioneers were guilty of, when they
Broad provinces of forest wealth did slay.
Enough is cut to last the house a year—
A little gold mine, now that coal is dear;
Our chimney-stack will banish care and sorrow—
We'll hitch the colts, and draw some wood tomorrow.

What manly toil, what trade or craft so good,
For health and joy, as working in the wood?
The weary seamen and the miners brave
Death and disaster in the mine and wave;
The operative in the factory reels
In giddy mazes 'midst the maddening wheels,
Which grind his soul and body into cash,
That some commercial king may cut a dash,
And that his daughters may young goslings marry
Who are not fit that workman's lunch to carry.
The clerk, the printer, and such high-toned slaves
Wade city fogs to Sexton Hurry's graves.
What country toil so cheerful, clean, and free,
What tonic exercise like forestry!
How sweet the odor of the birch and pine!
What essence breathes such purity divine
As when the spruce and cedar spice the air;
How rich that maple's scent, that oak's how rare!
That mossy stump contains a little world—
A mimic forest which the fairies curled.
The air is fragrant from their wands of feather,
And man seems like a god this winter weather.

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## WINTER HOLIDAYS

The greatest blessing which kind Winter sends
Is that warm fur-lined coat, which Snowflake lends,
To wrap the Northern Giant when he plays
His Winter games on Saturnalian days.
Think not our country folks take no delight
When day is cold and short, and wild the night;
But pleasure must be tasted and description
Is to reality a flimsy fiction.
So here we'll merely mention some of those
Supreme delights which Winter's leisure throws
On crystal sheets where ringing steel resounds
From skate or sleigh, and merriment abounds.

At Christmastide old Santa Claus arrives
From fairyland, and carolling he drives
His Dreamland reindeer, swifter than the flasn
Of frosty diamonds, as they onward dash.
No cabin is so poor or far apart,
But he will cheer each child's expectant heart;
No mansion is so rich, or full of joys,
That can dispense with old Kris Kringle's toys;
This old-world legend is a legacy
From Mary's Babe to bless our infancy.
Although the heart of man grows proud, and swells,
His lofty head may bend when Christmas bells
Pour melting melodies abroad to call
A grand reunion of the human All!

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## CITY PLEASURES

The Happy New Year marches gay and free,
With parties, weddings, balls and revelry;
Theatric billboards now are all aglow
With names of stars (the shooting sort, you know,)
These modern Cleopatras rant and pose
Along the shady paths where Folly goes.
How fortunate it happens that such plays
Are not enacted in hot summer days;
Those ancient sages knew a thing or two
When fixing calendars for me and you.
For who could suffer partial suffocation,
Or drown their griefs in boiling perspiration,
In some hot theatre in summertime,
Or mop the sweat from Shakespeare's brow sublime!
Alas! poor Will! his Yorick is no more!
Mean, modern comedies now hold the floor;
The boards where Forrest, Booth and Barrett trod,
Which Irving graced, where tragedy was god,
Present a hash of bloody bones in dramas,
Sans sense, sans wit, costumed in clown's pyjamas.
They're semi-nude and up-to-date, but yet
They suit Miss Te-he Guinivere-Yvette,

And her insipid lover, Gerald-Arty—
(Her other name is Grubb, and his McCarty;)
Although they went to school, no pride have they,
And to such goslings actors suit their play.

Come out of doors, from churches, concert halls,
From lodges, clubs, society and balls,
The indoor rinks, and boxing matches leave,
And where the "guys" hold aces up their sleeve;
Desert the street parade, where "tony" swells
Display their dentist's teeth to costly belles;
From matinees and Stella's kicking toe,
Rotundas, bars and restaurants we go,
And follow lads and lasses who portray
The Court of Queen Toronto's holiday.
That's Howard Park, of course, where you may see
Canadians sporting their hilarity.
We stroll thro' quiet paths, and mount a hill,
Topped with a lonely cairn, and feel a thrill
Of sadness creeping from the pathless snow,
Because near Howard's grave no footmarks show;
At peace he sleeps, yet grateful millions may
Their tribute to his shrine for ages pay;
May he and his loved spouse receive above
Supreme reward for their far-seeing love.

We came for sport, so we will roam afar,
O'er hills, thro' dells, away from Trade's bazar.
These pine-clad slopes and oaken groves defy
The speculators' greed, who sell and buy.
Those laughing shouts of triumph seem to say,
"This beauty spot is free as Humber Bay!"
Upon the crest of this bold bluff we see
The pleasure seekers' winter revelry.
Gay thousands hither, thither, whirl and glide,
And dart like swallows down the snowy slide
Upon toboggans to the pond below,
Where waltzing skaters all their graces show.
Some whirl and zig-zag, forward, backward, wheel,
Like "devil's darning needles," winged with steel;

They dissipate the elephantine notion,
That—dancing is the poetry of motion.
A new Norwegian fashion is the "ski,"
On which the experts fly like Mercury;
And sometimes tumble headlong for the joy
Of every giggling miss, and grinning boy;
There amateurs on snowshoes imitate
The patient, plodding, Indian trappers' gait;
Perhaps if war should come, these youths may show,
That blood runs red on our Canadian snow.

Like droning bagpipes, so those curlers thrill —
For Scots in Hades would be Scottish still.
"Ye land o' cakes and brither Scots!" oh! wad
Some power gie back that bonnie Ayrshire lad
To steer this pen. Perhaps to make him frisky
The Deil wad gie the gauger Hielan' whiskey;
Then Rab would join, and feel this "roarin' game,"
Like "reaming swats," or "haggis," warm his "wame."
Hear Sandy, Donald, Angus, Mac or Kerr,
Roll rugged rocks of words whose Doric burr
Roars like rough torrents down a mountain side,
Thro' shaggy heather banks to join the Clyde.
Each shoots his granite "stane" with anxious eye,
And "soop her up, McMurchy," is the cry.
Their crampits, besoms, rinks and usquebaugh,
Are sacred mysteries, so here we draw
The veil of silence and a willing cork;
The "skip" remarks, that "curlin's drouthy wark";
And passes us his great-grandfather's bottle—
The old man's ghost goes whistling down your throttle.

The evening falls, come on, the throngs depart,
With cheeks like roses, and each blithesome heart
And beaming eye, are certain signs that they
Have had a true athletic holiday.
The ancient Greeks were models for all time,
Their perfect forms held balanced minds sublime.
Athletic grounds were training schools where they
Developed men to guard Thermopylae.

Their Venus and Apollo still exist
To prove that demigods and women kissed.
Our own athletic girls and boys can show
That Athens still inspires Ontario.

Behold our peerless beauties march along,
Our girls walk with the rhythmic swing of song;
With shoulders back, with unaffected grace,
With fearless eyes, yet modest, loving face,
Their perfect limbs and form, their wind-tossed hair
Proclaim our girls the fairest of the fair.
These stars will light our nation's future story,
And illustrate our chief Canadian glory.

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## VILLAGE PLEASURES

The country town, the village and the farm,
In winter time possess a greater charm
For those who do not need a thrill or shock,
Each second which is ticked by watch or clock.
A country clergyman can hurl a sermon
In Gaelic, Indian, English, French or German,
So efficacious that a sinner's cure
Could not by bishops be performed more sure.
The concerts at the Hall are better far
Than foreign operas where that great star,
Fat Madame Maderewski, shrieks and soars,
And Signor Bulli Basso raves and roars.
Besides, the audiences are mostly cousins
To our contralto, and there's many dozens
Of uncles, aunts and nephews, nieces—pshaw!
Just hear the loud encores and wild eclat
When She and He sing solo or duet—
(The door receipts were forty-seven ($) net.)

The lectures at the Farmers' Institute
Give opportunity for wise dispute;
They argue whether thistle growing pays,
Or whether boneless chickens they should raise.

But really, if a farmer knows his trade
He should with neighbors his brain-crop parade.

Throughout our land like pearls our lakes are set,
And they who fear not cold, nor toil, nor wet,
Put on an extra shirt, and thro' the ice,
Enjoy a winter fishing Paradise;
Those bass are fresh, my friend, which you have caught
This afternoon, and fried for supper hot.
Some trapping too is done, but that's a deed
For Lo the Indian and old Trapskin's need.
The wily fox just now is hunted hard,
And his red jacket often doth reward—
And sometimes not—the weary hounds and men,
Who hole the thief in his dishonest den;
But after all, how is he worse than they
Who on their human fellow foxes prey?

Sometimes we have a winter open, mild,
Which might agree with some soft, southern child;
For be it known, to those who do not know,
Our latitude's the same or nearly so,
As southern France, or northern Italy,
And London on the map a child may see
Is north of our good missionaries, where
They give warm mittens to the Polar Bear.

Why this digression? Did we jump the track?
Yes, "track's" the word, and so we hurry back.
The horsemen gather. Why is all this stir?
Why do those knowing sports wear coats of fur?
From Belleville, Napanee and Montreal,
Orillia, Buffalo, New York and all
The gamey centres, cunning men and mice,
Come to our Annual Races on the Ice!
This is the noblest sport for man and horse,
The whip and spur are banished from the course,
No bloody streams run from the horses' sides,
No demon lashes nobler beasts he rides.

The course is marked and scraped, the jockeys drive
Their eager pawing steeds, the crowds arrive;
The judges mount the stand and ring the bell,
They score, and off they start, and then pell-mell,
Clear Grits and Chiefs, and Royal Georges show
The Hambletonian-Morgans how to go.
Around the clear blue ice they swiftly trot,
And Honest Billy sets a pace so hot,
That only Gipsy Maid has speed and fire
To beat him by a neck beneath the wire.
A full description cannot here be told,
At B——'s Hotel, where rare old stuff is sold,
We'll hear the full result, and hope that we,
Another year, this trotting race may see.

Some sneer at village life, and say they'd die
From yawning lockjaw if compelled to try
A winter's hibernation where the folks
Await the spring, to thaw each other's jokes.
Poor town-made fools! See one you see them all,
Their brains are soft baked bricks which spoil a wall.
Drop in our grocery this stormy eve
And if you've ears to hear, you'll then believe
That Ottawa is but an imitation
Of this brain-centre of our big-mouthed nation.

The Solons gather, loaded for debate,
And old Dave Bush and Dr. Spavin state
Opposing views on old-time winter weather,
But both agree in talking loud together.
They smoke and chew, and sample bits of cheese,
Expectorate with force, and wisely sneeze;
Until young Gritson said that Lorry-yea
Had "mopped the floor with Borden's hair today."
"Ahem! begosh!" said true blue Dentist Dick,
"The boot was on the other leg—the kick,
"Came from George E. ! ! and your hot-air Primeer
"Looked like a small and frothy pint of beer."
The fight was free-for-all, and rough-and-tumble,
A phonograph could only catch a jumble

Of—"Riel's Rebellion—Tariff Tinkers—Brown—
And how John A. knocked all those king-pins down—
Pacific Scandals—Wilfrid's smooth-bore gun—
Financial ruin—boodle by the ton—
Newmarket's navy—frauds of last election—
And whether muskrats needed more protection.
The din grew furious, senate-like, and higher,
'Till Mike, the hostler, called Jack Smith—"a liar!"
That called for gore, but thankfully we state,
A lisping angel ended the debate,
For Angelina Stubbs (with charming stutter),
Came in just then, and bought a pound of butter.

Another evening, if you'd be a wise,
Good listener (the rarest bird that flies,)
Just take the soap-box by the stove again,
And hear these village Solomons explain
Fine "pints" of law—that is their strongest hold,
Except when they theology unfold.
Such words as "orthodox" and "apostolic,"
"Predestination," and such pious colic,
Pour from each Sunday saint and week-day sinner—
You'd think they'd eaten Satan's hoofs for dinner.
A bilious infidel, we'll call him Payne,
Demands of Daddy Bolter—"Where did Cain
Find that there wife of his'n? Say, did Moses,
His own death notice write with turned-up toes-es?"
Then B. A. Sharpe, the teacher, butted in,
And from the blatant Payne he peeled the skin.
In "higher criticism" he was wise,
And showed how science made a compromise
Between a bitumen-sulphuric hell,
And new Valhallas where logicians dwell.

When they have stripped disputed doctrines bare,
They are not done—the Horse is always there;
The pedigree of every horse is known
For miles around, and every fault of bone;
His spavins, sweeny, heaves, or quarter-crack,
Is known to Jim, to Hank, to Sam, or Jack;

Besides, he's balky, and a bolter too,
And has less action than a kangaroo.
If great Mambrino trotted thro' this town,
They'd swear he was a mongrel raised by Brown.
The neighbors too, especially the ladies,
Are here dissected and prepared for Hades.
The way old Skinflint cheated all his life,
And how he starved his children and his wife;
They tell how Deacon Hyde on gin was tight
At church nine years ago this very night.
Reports and secrets, hints and rumors fly
About—you know—She carries on so high;
They all agree that He and She should stop
Such goings on. Thus ends the Gossip Shop.

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## RURAL PLEASURES

When Norway's vikings seized the ancient world,
On Europe's citadels they then unfurled
A world-wide banner woven by the glow
Of midnight suns on looms of North Cape snow.
A nobler race than Greece or Rome sent forth
Came from the lone, magnetic, mystic North,
From farms and hamlets, framed with Gothic bones,
They shook and sat on purple royal thrones.
Decadence never cankered homes like theirs,
But power and wealth has dwarfed their southern heirs.
The virtues wither, and man's soul gets sick
When masses swarm in hives of stone and brick.

New nations rise, old empires rot and fall;
This century is ours, we hear the call
From forest, mine and farm, from lake and river,
To love our homesteads next to God the Giver.
The "lonely farm!" you hear Dame Fashion say;
"How could Society exist one day
If scattered far and wide—forlorn—alone—
Away from Gossip Hello's telephone?"

Good gracious! madam! when did you retire
From frying bacon on a farmhouse fire?
Your grandma's churn proves your democracy,
Her spinning wheel your aristocracy.

The horse is man's companion on our farms,
No other locomotion has such charms
As his tattoo upon the ice or snow,
When farmers and their wives on journeys go.
A bob-sleigh party on a moon-lit night
Enjoy a deep soul-satisfied delight,
When they surprise their friends some miles away,
And sing, and dance, and laugh, till peep-o'-day.
On market days they patronize the town,
Pa sells his steers, and mother buys a gown;
They meet a visitor who comes by train,
And then behind the bells ride home again.

They bring the papers, letters, magazines,
For our good yeomanry are men of means;
The daughter Clara, who can sing soprano,
Gets rolls of music for her grand piano.
Their house is not a rude barbarian's hall,
Artistic pictures hang upon the wall;
In green bay-windows graceful fuchsias grow,
And bright azaleas and geraniums glow
With vivid colors, oleanders bloom,
And roses and carnations breathe perfume
Untainted with escaping, deadly gas,
Which blanches blushes in a plant or lass.

Refinement, education, here can claim
A rural homestead worthy of the name.
The poor man too, is far more worry-free
Than city workmen ever hope to be.
The winter time is half a holiday,
He cuts his wood, at school his children play;
His cabin is his castle, and he fears
No landlord's bailiff, or starvation's tears;
His horse and cow, his pigs and fowls provide
The honest food his wife prepares with pride.

Their hopes are high, their dreams are far more real
Than Labor's Union captains ever feel.
Why should he wish to dig a city sewer,
Or drive a dray for scavenger or brewer?
Why should he leave a happy life behind,
And tramp the streets a ball-and-chain to find?
Yes, Jack Canuck should stay upon the land—
Let city bosses foreigners command.

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## THE BARNYARD

An English tourist to this country came,
In quest of pleasure, and to search for game;
He viewed the landscape from a Pullman car,
And wrote a book to tell us what we are.
He'd been in Egypt, and the Holy Land,
And hunted tigers on the coral strand
Of India, and thro' the thickets tore
Of Africa— where lions heard him roar;
To China and Japan this trotter went,
Of South Sea cannibals was eloquent.
He came to see if Canada, you know,
Was really,—quite,—you know,—composed of snow!
He registered in one of our hotels,
And was the prince of boozers, and of swells;
He criticized our beef, condemned the weather,
And damned our ale and whisky altogether;
He raked the streets with double-barreled glasses
And said—"Ba Jauve, you've rawther tidy lawsses."
One month in that hotel—this lord did reign—
Was drunk but thirty days—went home again.
The English editors most often look
For information in his owlish book.
This little introduction was a bait
For city cousins' jaws to masticate;
That we may reel them in, and let them see
The backbone of Canadian industry.

Let's hire a horse and sleigh and off we go!
To visit Brown in South Ontario;
For stock and solid men, you understand,
That is the banner county of our land;
But York is close behind and many another—
A blind man couldn't choose the best from 'tother.

The farmer greets us with a hearty shake
And in his cosy kitchen we partake
Of foaming cider, made of Golden Russet,
And Talman Sweets—but how that lord would cuss it?
The huge red barn, which is the farmer's pride,
Looms wide and long upon the sunny side
Of sloping ground, while ranked in green-clad lines
The background is enclosed with native pines.
The basement wall is built of rough-hewn blocks
Of varied stone, from glacier-rounded rocks.
The barn above is battened snug and tight,
And windows here and there admit the light;
A vast hip-roof is eave-troughed all along,
The windmill pump is graceful, light and strong.

Inside we go, and first we view the hay,
The straw and fodder in each well-stored bay;
The oaten chaff, and mill which crushes grain,
Our host is then quite eager to explain
His system, which combines the best of feeding,
With true economy, and careful breeding.
Come in the granary and view the seed,
Pure, plump and sound, is each selected breed;
The best, and only best, he cares to sow;
That is one secret whence his profits grow.
What bins of barley, peas and oats are here
Which will walk off on many a fattened steer;
His pigs from here will gorge their way to glory
And in the markets will assert the story
That feeding grain is better far than selling,
Which only amateurs and fools need telling.
Last harvest's wheat is here exposed to view,
For Brown is just a bit, a gambler, too,

He's holding for a rise, though not a crank—
Such men as he have money in the bank.

Down stairs we go, and in a spacious aisle
We watch the man and boy exert awhile
Their hardened muscles as they slowly slice
The roots to make the cattle ration nice.
That cellar there of sprouting turnips tell
A tale of last November by the smell.
First see the sow enjoying now her food
Of milky chop; she lately had this brood
Of little piggy-wiggies, oh! the dears!
All pink and white, and such delicious ears.
Their little tails are curled in lovely knots,
What Teddy pets they'd make for city tots!
Instead of birds, fine ladies' hats would seem—
To be (if trimmed with these) a perfect dream.
In roomy pens the baby calves entice
With innocence your finger—was it nice?
They frisk and play and bunt and kick and shove.
Say, George! that calf has chewed your new kid glove.
Move on, my city friend, or else they'll swallow
Your very boots, because these calves are hollow.

The "milky mothers" next we must review
In roomy, cleanly stalls, who calmly chew
The cud of sweet content, their loving gaze
On Farmer Brown reveals their silent praise;
Deep strewn with straw these clover-scented stalls
Contain some high-bred dames within their walls;
And some are grades whose slender tufted tails
Speak of big records, and of brimming pails.

Here Brown is eloquent as he explains
How much of butter fat each food contains;
The water, ventilation, exercise,
And how the master's eye must supervise
From calf to cow, with science and with care
To rear a herd like those deep milkers there.
Why, bless your heart, right here beside the door
Are three slim Jerseys that we saw before

Down at the County Fair, don't you remember
That lovely Autumn day in last September?
Well brushed and curried in their warm boudoir
These Dairy Queens are ruminating for
The highest price which gilt-edged butter brings
To grace the boards of city money-kings.

Now view the row of steers, within this hall,
Each beefy Duke is swelling in his stall.
Like some fat Alderman with bulging eyes,
Who lives to eat, and for his country dies.
Yes, they will die at Liverpool to show
Old Johnny Bull what sort of beef we grow.
Next May they'll waddle to the nearest town,
And bid farewell to Canada and Brown.
Perhaps King George's cook their ribs may roast,
When each has given up his meal-fed ghost.

Let's see the stable now, we have not time
To hammer out their pedigrees in rhyme.
The Prophet Job described the warrior's horse,
But these big Clydes would fill him with remorse
More sad than boils, because he wrote that book,
And saw not "Jock," who forty prizes took;
If "Jock" just once his comforters would kick
He'd laugh to think they ever made him sick.
A roomy box contains a colt and mare
Who gives her visitors a jealous stare.
From stables such as these the cities buy
Their mighty teams, which traffic's needs supply.

It's getting late and we have struggled hard
To paint this Winter Palace; but the yard
Is full of youngsters, poultry, swine and sheep,
Who bask in winter sunshine, frisk and leap
Around the stack of straw, so let us see
The outdoor works of this flesh-factory.
The pig pens, too; but pshaw, don't nauseate
Fastidious readers and incur their hate
By naming hogs or bacon to their ears;
Ignore the pigs—and draw the line at steers.

Although statistics are not thought poetic,
Yet if our country's purse grows apoplectic,
The lists will show that in Great Britain's dinner
Our pea-fed bacon is the money-winner.

Good-bye, here comes our horse and cutter out.
And if our city cousins ever doubt
Who is the Atlas of this great Dominion,
We here assert our private mind's opinion,
That they should take a trip away from town
In Winter time, and visit Farmer Brown.

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## THE BLIZZARD

The blizzard is a demon raging forth
From caves where polar bears defend the North
Against bold Franklins, or when Nansens dare
The Scandinavian gods who revel there.
Old Thor and Odin's champions rave and roar,
With battle's joy, along that Polar shore;
They ride on dragons, sheathed in scales of white,
Their breath is drawn from Sleep's eternal night;
Against the South their fierce battalions go,
And paralyze the gods of Mexico.

Assert the truth, and novelists deny—
The North is not a hell when blizzards fly;
But hell's antipodes it seems to be
When Zero's grip congeals the mercury.
God help the poor in country or in town,
Thermometers are cruel when low down;
The travelers now seek their friendly inns,
Before the "plucking of the geese" begins;
The Indian trapper who is weatherwise
Hastes to the thicket—where his wigwam lies;
The weather bureau man is in his glory,
He telegraphs abroad the well-known story—
That everybody knows—the cattle know—
That very likely we shall have some snow.

The sky is leaden gray, the sun retires,
The "sun-dogs" of the air have banked their fires;
A deathly calm precedes a ghostly sigh,
As if Dame Nature was about to die.
The farmer from the door remarks to Mother—
"I guess, old woman, we shall have another
"Of them there blizzards, so I'll go and tie
"The cattle in, and feed 'em by-an'-by;
"Here comes our Jack a-trottin' down the road,
"Now school's let out, with young-'uns fur a load."
Then comes a whistling, screeching, groaning,
The trees around the house are twisting, moaning;
Like flour from Manitoba whirls the snow,
And Pandemonium's band begins to blow;
There is no distance, earth and sky are one—
A blurr of feathers bounds the horizon.

"Now is the day, and this the (doubtful) hour,"
When trainmen battle with the numbing power
Of any low degree you like to name,
And wrest from blinding drifts a hero's fame;
For three long days the engineer and crew
Fight white despair for helpless me and you.
The country map is smothered deep, and seems
A frozen ocean's foam in nightmare's dreams.
It ceases then, and warmer airs prevail,
The blizzard wasps have lost their stinging tail;
Call out the neighbors now, and clear the roads,
The hungry city needs the farmers' loads.

But why prolong this chilling subject more?
That rare old poets agonized before
About some traveler's, or shepherd's fate—
Engulfed in snow, near his own cottage gate;
A homespun minstrel cannot hope to fly
To Mount Parnassus, but on snowshoes try
To visit neighbors, and to do some good
By cutting Widow Pincher's pile of wood.

What is this storm to sad Messina's doom?
No snow has terrors like war's cannon boom;

The sunstroke cuts a cleaner, wider, swath,
And gives no warning of its deadly wrath;
One mine disaster, or some earthquake dire,
Old London's hunger, or one city fire,
Give death and ruin more black lists of woe
Than blizzards in a century can show.

The North, the varied North has such a clime,
That man and beast wax fat in winter time;
We pity lands where torrid cyclones blow—
For peace and plenty nestle in the snow.

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## A WINTER NIGHT

No one has thrilled with unalloyed delight,
Who has not viewed some star-lit winter night,
The glory of the Universal Soul,
On infinite expanse, pervade the Whole.
No other season of the year can we
As Atoms feel the radiate majesty
Of that great Cause, which crystallized the snow,
And made those countless billion suns to glow.
Young Luna's golden crescent sinks to rest,
All edged with liquid silver in the west;
Those constellations vast, inspire with awe
The finite Student, reading Higher Law,
And his bewildered mind in sheer despair
Kens not, but feels the Soul of Deus there.

No sound of life disturbs, from near or far,
A falling feather would the stillness jar;
The calm is perfect, and the thought—"Alone"—
Prostrates the Ego, as he views the Throne.
Who knows but some inhabitant of yonder star,
With keener sight, can fathom what we are;
With more intelligence from his high tower,
Can view the Motor of Eternal Power?
Those glittering orbs were never made in vain,
And may be schools where we may go again,

With those who went before. We may be part
Of deathless Soul, in that vast starry chart.
Who can deny that Trees of Knowledge grow
On those bright worlds, where flesh may never go?
But where our loved ones are, up higher, higher,
Who eat the fruit and touch the seraph's lyre.

The road to madness leads towards that line
Where systems like the dust forever shine,
In that blue-black, unfathomed, concave deep,
Which has no night, no day, no end, no sleep.
Dismiss these thoughts, let Beauty be our theme.
Not Oberon, the King, in Shakespeare's dream,
Nor Queen Titania's fairy necromancy,
Could conjure such a stage in realms of Fancy;
No mermaid in her cave had gems so rare
As Zero gives to spirits of the air,
Or trod prismatic sapphires such as glow
On this bespangled field of crystal snow;
They lend the boughs of spruce a magic light,
And strew their diamonds on the skirts of night.

Is this the very same, this magic place,
That was the theatre of that wild race,
Who bore the name of Genii, Elves, or Sprites
And flitted madly here long summer nights.
Has Death Eternal claimed the lonely shore
Of this cold lake, and shall we nevermore
Behold the firefly's tiny flashing lamp,
Along the marshes, then so warm and damp?
The grosser life has only gone to sleep,
The Spirits now their subtler vigils keep.
Their wireless messages they send afar,
And tell us caterpillars what we are.
See that grand arc display its waving arms,
No earthly vision shows such awful charms
As from Aurora Borealis roll
In pyrotechnic glory from the Pole.

Hark! there's the bells upon the trotting mare
Of Doctor Good, which shocks the frigid air;

His midnight visit to the house of pain
Was labor lost—he hurries home again;
His patient mounted on the wings of light,
And joined the starry hosts this winter night.

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## MAPLE SUGAR

Give back, fond Memory, from thy sweetest cells
One dream of bygone days, whose forest spells
Left records of those sylvan mysteries
Which echo back from vanished maple trees.
The tropics give the natives sugar cane,
Its cauldrons reek with negro sweat and pain;
Bananas, yams and cocoanuts grow wild—
Beneath the palm mankind is still a child;
The bread fruit tree supplies the need of sense,
The clustering dates feed naked indolence;
But here wild Nature wisely gave but one—
The saccharine, Canadian paragon;
She taught the Indian first to tap the tree,
And showed our fathers woodland chemistry.

How brave and hopeful were the early days!
When settlers plunged into the forests' maze;
What courage and what strength of arm and mind!
They dared the new, and left the old behind;
In single families each hewed a home,
And fought for dearer stakes than Caesar's Rome.
What other people ever dared alone
To cut adrift and never make a moan,
From old-land comforts, and good neighbors near,
As our old type of British pioneer?
Assisted emigration was unknown,
In God they trusted, and their brawn and bone.

A rude log cabin was their first essay
In tiny clearings, stuffed with moss and clay;

Note.—As sugar-making season begins in winter and ends in spring it is placed here and welds the endless chain of the year.

Perhaps 'twas Autumn when the father led
The mother and the children to that shed.
The store of food was small, his purse was light,
And hunger haunted many a winter night;
The "front" was far away, and he had not
The hunter's craft to grease the pan or pot.

Those mothers mostly were well-born and reared,
Refined and educated, who had shared
The luxuries of life across the sea,
But murmured not, nor shunned adversity.
The winter wore away, the eldest son
Was quick to learn the use of spear and gun;
Fine bass and 'lunge beneath the ice he caught,
And from the "runways" deer and rabbits brought.
When March came blustering thro' the forest aisles
The sun wreathed half his rugged face with smiles;
Then frosty nights and thawing days set free
The sluggish sap in God's own maple tree.

Among the settlers was a cheerful race—
Of Yankee stock—who moved from place to place;
They spread thro'out the land from old Bay "Canty,"
And taught the woodland arts in every shanty.
One of these genii showed them "slick and smart"
The secrets of the sugar-making art.
A seasoned pine of twenty feet or more
In length, and its diameter was four,
Was "flatted" on one side, then "dug" with skill,
To be a "store-trough," which the sap would fill.

Next slender basswoods, straight and clear of grain,
Were marked and cut half-way, and then again
Upon the other side and neatly split
In two true halves, and being "dug" were fit
When "charred" inside, to hold the living tide
Which soon would flow from every maple's side.
The cedar "spiles" were next shaved out with care,
And grooved to lead each tiny streamlet where
The troughs were placed beside the virgin trees!
Ye nectaraneous gods! Ye Queens of bees!

How skilful was the axe and gouge applied!
What gushing sweets those trunks did then provide!

A potash kettle had been bought before
That soon would foam with thirty pails or more;
'Twas then suspended on an ironwood beam
Between two trees, beside a living stream.
An open booth of boughs and saplings screened
The raw March wind, and to the back-log leaned.
The sap was gathered from the farthest tree
And then began the sylvan ecstasy
Of their first boiling. First they greased the pot
And filled it two-thirds full, then wood was got,
The flames grew fierce, the sap began its steaming,
And hissing, bubbling, whirling, foaming, creaming;
Evaporation then was rapid when the glow
Of living coals had drunk a ring of snow.

The trough was still half full when home they went,
Thro' freezing sleet which glazed each twig, and bent
The moaning boughs—'twas Winter's dying sorrow—
A certain sign that sap would weep tomorrow.
The sheet of ice was thrown aside next day
From pot and trough, because it's Nature's way
To use the frost's keen blade to separate,
The same as blasts of heat evaporate
The water from the sugar, which we see,
But cannot solve that chemic mystery.

With greasy boots they toiled thro' slush and snow,
(The rubber age had not arrived, you know,)
That windy, sunny day, from tree to tree,
And gathered sap which then was running free.
The pot kept boiling merrily and steamed,
The crows caw-cawed, the gulls and bluejays screamed,
The chickadees their notes of welcome trilled,
And with the sap their tenor gullets filled;
The squirrels sauced that British family
Who dared to loot their forest treasury.

The sap ceased running when the evening fell,
No pen or brush the joys can ever tell

Of that strange spell of woodland sorcery
When they first "sugared-off" its bounty free.
Some boiling syrup first was strained with care
Into a smaller kettle hanging where
The embers glowed with fervent, steady heat—
It then was aromatic, rich and sweet;
Then when it simmered with a gentle song,
The white of egg or milk was stirred among
The glassy bubbles, which arose to show
The mass was clarified, when on the snow
A cup was poured, and lo! the luscious wax,
Was candied nectar, such as Cupid smacks
Between his lips when he intends to make
A bull's-eye shot, and split a wedding cake.

The loving mother then produced the food
For father and her seven anxious brood;
The old, old way was followed there to bake
Amid the coals and ashes such a cake
As Sarah offered to the angels when
They were the Lord's ambassadors to men.
The family circle then around the fire
Restrained their appetite until the sire
Had asked a blessing on the simple meal
Of bread and syrup. Did Lucullus feel
Such keen enjoyment as that sugar feast—
The first-fruits of the land, and not the least?
The syrup then was ready to be tried,
A twig was bent and dipped, which satisfied
The mother that it was in just the state
To pour into the moulds and granulate;
When cold they weighed their amber cakes with glee,
Three hundred pounds from their refinery!

This narrative we close. Alas! no more
Those sacred maple woods we may explore.
Those fathers, mothers, children, camps and trees,
Glide thro' the shades of graveyard memories.
With few exceptions old Ontario
No grand "rock" maples or young groves can show;

Yet here and there a sugar-orchard still
Adorns the back of some old homestead's hill;
So we invoke a blessing on the good
Tree-loving gentlemen who guard their Wood!

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## CONCLUSION

Bluff March now belts the year, we end our task,
Which, if our critic friends should read and ask
Why some dull subjects we did so prolong,
And others quite omit from such a song?
Or carp because we sometimes slip and stammer,
Or break the knotted skein of twisty grammar?
The answer is, that these "Four Seasons" grew,
To please the writer, and a certain few.
Like mottled citrons, near the ground, they spread
Their tangled vines, where wayward Fancy led.
The love of work has well repaid the toil,
To reap this crop from our Canadian soil;
No plagiaristic imitation lent
Its feathers for a false embellishment;
But yet, in Virgil's tracks, we did pursue
His spirit in this land of Manitou.

The air breathes soft, the swelling buds rejoice,
Obedient to the Master's Eye and Voice.
Those clouds thro' seas of soft celestial blue
Seem ships of pearl, with sails of rosy hue,
From Heaven's wharves the Season's gifts they bring,
In argosies from God to bless the Spring.

Toronto, March 23, 1909.

: FINIS :

# REVERIES

## PICTURES IN THE CLOUDS

A SOUVENIR POEM OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

'Twas near the Exhibition time,
When people come from every clime,
To view Toronto's famous Fair—
What show on earth can e'er compare
With this, the mirror of our health,
And Canada's exhaustless wealth?

A modest bard explored the tower,
Which marks and tolls the passing hour
From Queen Toronto's City Hall—
The view would e'en St. John enthrall;
He saw a panorama spread
Which charmed his eye, yet dazed his head;
He touched his feeble lyre in vain,
His tongue was mute, he saw again
The image of the passing show
Reflected in Ontario.

Sun-gilded was the soft, deep blue
O'erhead, where clouds of snowy hue
Sailed slowly by, with swan-like grace—
Like picture books where children trace
Bears, dragons, giants, castles, trees,
Ships built of dreams and mysteries.

The noontide sun's narcotic heat,
His dizzy brain and tired feet,
Induced the wanderer to rest,
And view these cruisers from the west.

He seemed to see a white canoe
Glide like a spirit thro' the blue
Of the celestial sea, which steered
Straight for the tower, and it appeared
To bear an Indian Chieftainess,
Of nobler form than queens possess;
She smiled, and said, "Poor tongue-tied bard,
A woodland chant shall thee reward
For thy poetic soul's desire—
Take thou thy pen, give me thy lyre;"

"My Father's name is Manitou, the mighty Spirit Chief,
The One, Unknown, Great God of all, the Sire of each belief;
The Spirit-of-the-Woods-and-Lakes, is my celestial name,
The soul-world tongue I must not use—the meaning is the same;
My tribe was old before the Sphinx or Pyramids were young,
Ere Solomon his Temple built, or Grecian sirens sung;
We are the oldest remnant of the earth's primeval stock,
Our home was on the rugged brow of hoar Laurentian rock;
The wild Bedouin Arab is the only other race
Which never bent a servant's knee, or feared a master's face;
My sceptre is this paddle-blade, this white canoe my home,
This rolling globe my Lake-of-Bays—my sisters with me roam;
I ride the whirlwind's black-red mane, I laugh upon the gale,
I love on midnight fogs to float, or summer zephyrs sail."

"Canadian woods and lakes and plains! New Empire of the West!
Canadian Land of Liberty! The first, the last, the best;
Canadian Union must forbid the strife of creeds and race;
Canadian virtue must be pure, its gold let none deface;
For Manitou will sweep away Corruption's servile brood,
The simple life must here exist, for children of His wood.

Some nations had their goddesses, to whom they offered prayers,
And some their guardian angels chose, to bear for them their cares;
Each city had a patron saint, each fountain had a sprite,
The mother-soul was symbolized of every nation's might;
The whites have had their Fairy Queens, and I, the Forest Child,
Am fair Toronto's Spirit Maid—the pure, the free, the wild;
Our Beaver's Harvest-feast is here, adorned with golden sheaves,
And Queen Toronto's regal brow I'll wreathe with Maple Leaves."

With bird's-eye maple paddle set
Against the tower's parapet,
She waved her chosen town Adieu!
Then pushing off, her bark withdrew;
And streaming back her raven hair
Electrified the ether rare.

Then from the squadrons of the skies,
A shell-like shallop forward flies!
It seems Nautilus magnified,
Its hues prismatic glorified
Minerva, who reclined alone
Upon a pearl and silver throne;
Her perfect features and her brow,
Showed that her Author did endow
Her mind from His own Fountainhead—
Her barge approached, and thus she said:

"When on earth I presided, 'Minerva-of-Greece'
Was the name which I bore in the Temple of Peace;
All the Graces were pupils who learnt in my school
That the Goddess of Wisdom all nations should rule.
True perfection in Art and in Science was found
In the famed Golden Age, and on classical ground,
Where the artists of Athens gave laws to all time,
And the love of the Beautiful caught the Sublime.

Those philosophers, poets, and sculptors are gone,
But their thoughts are immortal, and I see the dawn
Of a day when their souls shall inhabit this air—
And this Crown of Wild Olives Toronto shall wear."

A Roman galley next came on,
On which was throned the paragon
Of black-eyed beauties, purple clad,
Imperial, dignified, but sad;
Her rowers ceased, and then she spoke
These words, which hist'ry's echoes woke:

"I was a vestal virgin of old Rome,
The shadow of our eagles' wings embraced
The ancient world. 'Tis past, but yet we live,
The Roman Law and Order is not dead—
Nor Caesar's tax. Our coat-of-arms is stamped
Upon the shields of those barbarian hordes
Who leapt our walls and conquered luxury.
What Numa planted, Cincinnatus tilled,
And Virgil's laurel chaplet here I lay—
A Sybil Leaf—from Rome unto her heir."

The galley changed its form and broke,
And mingled with the city's smoke.

Next came a phantom ship which spread
Her towers of canvas overhead;
Her figurehead was grand and bold,
And on her stern was carved in gold—
"Britannia!" Oh, she seemed to be
Old Neptune's daughter of the sea;
Her sailors cast the anchor Hope,
And held her fast with Memory's rope;
The Captainess then hailed the tower,
From her high bridge, with trumpet power:

"Hail Canada! Young Empress of the West,
And Hail! Toronto! Jewel, rich and rare!
Thou art the girdle's clasp which binds the breast
Of this new galaxy of states so fair;
I am the nurse of nations that now rear

Their broods o'er east and west, from pole to pole—
They are the offspring of the Lion's lair,
And I, Britannia, am the parent-soul
Of Neptune's sea-police, where'er his billows roll."

"I viewed Boadicea's chariot charge
When Ancient Britons bore their naked breasts
Against the mail-clad legions' sword and targe;
The Romans passed away, and soon the rest
Of Viking foes came swarming from their nest;
The Saxon's bow and bill by Thor's decree
Made him the master where he had been guest;
But William's Franco-Norman chivalry
At Hastings mixed the blood which sired my progeny."

"The lofty cliffs of Britain's shores enclosed
A safe asylum from the stormy seas,
Which lashed the world when Justice blindly dozed,
And Europe's war-wolves gnawed the centuries;
I planted then my young communities
Along old Ocean's bays, and did endow
Each commonwealth with Law's securities;
As Britain is your Mecca, I come now
To weave an oak-leaf garland for Toronto's brow."

* * * *

The clock struck three, 'twas afternoon—
Why should such visions fly so soon?
But city towers are not erected
For looney laureates, self-elected;
The watchman shook him from his trance—
Or reverie's sweet dalliance;
The fleet had sailed, the sky was clear,
And he came down to earth so drear.
The watchman said the minstrel slept,
But he unto his story kept—
Here printed for the World and You—
It may be strange, but may be true.

Toronto, August 1st, 1906.

# DESECRATED NIAGARA

The Sun, the fount of life, and radiant power,
Was pouring golden glories from his tower,
Thro' chartless oceans of celestial blue
On emerald robes which Mother Nature grew.
'Twas past high noon, the July sun marched west,
When I, a pilgrim, mused upon the crest
Of that Canadian cliff, the sounding board
Of grand Niagara's organ—once adored.

Here Manitou, the mighty, was enthroned
And Indian maidens woodland chaunts intoned,
Ere Europe's image breakers' greedy haste
Despoiled the sanctum, and its veil defaced;
No forest-monarch—pine or oak—now waves
Its branches o'er this rampart's fossil graves;
But some young trees and vines like tangled locks,
Still wreathe and grace the everlasting rocks.
Oh! for a view Niagara sublime!
Of thee, before this age of white-ant crime.

Had this vast continent no other ground
For man to spin his spider-webs around?
These porches of the temple built by God
Should claim a bended knee, and feet unshod;
Far as the sound of this grand water-bell
Should have been holy ground and guarded well;
Here is a common Mecca for all time,
For nature-worshippers to catch the rhyme
And measure of th' eternal sacred song
Which Thor's and Neptune's saga-choirs prolong.

These Celtic-Anglo-Saxons on each side
Of this grand gorge, display barbaric pride
In crazy architecture, which would shock
An Esquimaux, or cave-man from his rock;

NOTE.—In this commercial age, such sentiments as herein expressed will doubtless afford amusement to, or else win the contempt of the rapid livers. To such no apology is offered. They live fast, but what use do they make of the dregs of time which electricity has saved for their leisure? Leisure! They have none. The very doctor receives a hurry call to bring his batteries of drugs to stupefy their crazy fly-wheels.

They desecrate romantic views with bills
Of Scourem's Soap and Faker's Humbug Pills;
Here jumped-up ladies flaunt their squaw-made rags
And modern dudes go by on bob-tailed nags,
Our sense of awe receives a nervous jar
By Croesus on his auto-demon car;
The clanging bells and shrieks of rushing trains,
The smoke, the dust, the varied smells give pains,
Such as the lost must suffer down below,
Where heathen art-destroyers ought to go.

Canadians now Americans engage
In greedy strife and dollar-battles wage,
More fierce than all their bloody border fights
At stubborn Lundy's Lane, or Queenston Heights;
With more than Vulcan's strength they drill and blast,
Attack with dynamite—Niagara at last.

The very Horseshoe's hoof must lend its chords
To wire electric thieves for money-lords.
Ontario's swamps have peat enough to burn
For centuries, and all their mill-wheels turn—
If Wizard Edison would only please
To link with bogs his brainy batteries.

But Eden's Great Creator lent a spark
Of fire divine to our Victoria Park;
This green oasis cures the pilgrim's heart
Of brick and mortar woe from Mammon's mart;
This place is worthy of a Druid's prayer
That Nature, Art, and Love may have its care.

* * * *

I turned to go, but as my farewell gaze
Was dazzled by the glorious rainbow's rays,
It seemed the snowy cloud of mist gave back
A pictured form above the cataract.
Crowned by the bow, a great Red Chief, enthroned,
Watched Calibans of science toil and groan;

He spoke in thunder-tones, which echoed far:
"I, Manitou, the Spirit, wage a war
Against the white despoilers of my shrine;
The mill-stones of the Gods grind slow and fine
A grist of ruin—sure as time and fate—
For vandals, who my fountain desecrate."
The vision vanished on the summer gale,
And from the cloud I saw an eagle sail,
Up, up, and northward, thro' the vivid blue
Of Heaven's spotless dome—'twas Manitou!

The Toronto Sunday World, Aug. 3, 1905.

* * * *

Did Nature dam her lakes with rocks
To make Niagara toil,
For grinding Greed's octopus stocks,
Which mortgage freemen's soil?

The tollgate keepers are abroad,
Like highwaymen they claim
Their taxes on the gifts of God,
In Corporations' name.

Good people, you should own the earth—
Roads, waters, mines, and sky;
Each one has equal rights at birth,
But not monopoly.

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## A TEXT IN FLINT

Have stones a voice? Can scholars fix the date
When murder organized foul greed and hate,
And screened its guilt behind the soldier's shield?
Are dragon's teeth the crop which earth must yield?

Come, muse upon this bluff: the scene contains
A charming view of woods, of hills and plains;
Which frame a lake whose rippling smiles were born
Of winter's tears when he from spring was torn;

The soil is strewn with fossil shells encased
By pebbles smooth, in which are interlaced
A story of the cycles whirled away,
And also flints shaped like the letter A.

'Tis rude, but plain, this Alpha carved by man,
In text of stone, before our age began;
Ere Tubal Cain the tempered bronze had forged,
Or steel the thirsty earth with blood had gorged;
The myriads slain no chronicle can tell
Since man made this—and fiends the modern shell.
These pointed flints were wrought by savage art
To tip the spear, the arrow and the dart,
Or tomahawk, which crashed thro' foemen's brain;
The nameless tribes are dust—but these remain.

These prehistoric weapons give a clue
To solve our common origin. We view
The same design from cave and prairie mound;
From Switzer's lake, or Egypt's mystic ground,
On Asian steppe, and by Laurentian rock,
These tokens faintly speak—the past unlock.
The tablet, pillar, pictured rock and scroll
Antique and dim, were new since Nimrods bold
Attacked the mammoth, slew within his lair,
With axe and lance of flint, the glacial bear.

But these primeval relics may have bore
A later date; perchance their passage tore
Thro' cloven hearts of Iroquois or Cree,
More brave than Goths, than Sparta's sons more free.
Was stubborn Marathon enacted here
Beside this ridge? or on that smiling mere
A Salamis? Did circling eagles spy
From yon high dome, the stoic warriors die?

The Prince of Peace bade Peter smite no more,
But Christian ears are deaf when cannons roar;
Yet some Apollyon armed with fiery darts
From science plucked, may terrorize those hearts
That thirst for slaughter. When will lions lie
Beside the lambs? "Not yet,"—these flints reply.

# FOREST LEAVES

In virgin beauty, man's estate, the earth
Emerged from chaos, perfect from its birth;
The Architect had weighed each element,
Had fixed the solid land, the seas had pent;
He ribbed with rocky bones the mountain's side;
Adjusted motion's swing, and chained the tide.
The heat and cold, the light and shade, the shower,
In nice proportion blent, with silent power,
Obeyed the Voice which bade them clothe the hill,
And valley drape, with emblems of His skill.

The towering pines arise, the winds toss high
Their waving plumes, with whispering music's sigh;
The royal oaks rejoice in sturdy strength
Of gnarly trunk, and massy arms of length;
The lordly elms on buttressed columns rear
Aloft their Gothic arches branching fair;
Amid the crags, the goodly cedars cool
With fairy wands the crystal stream and pool;
Superb in vernal green, or autumn dyes,
The gorgeous maple groves in masses rise;
The queenly silver birch in mirror bright,
Of moonlit lake, enchants the wondering night;
The woodland spirits varied foliage wreathe,
Distil the incense rare which balsams breathe.

NOTE.—"Forest Leaves" was written some years ago and first published in the Canadian Magazine. It has appeared in daily and weekly publications since. The worship of trees needs no apology from one who has been a planter and culturist. This mite is one of other offerings which have been contributed by me to the literary department of Forestry. As the subject is of paramount importance, both public and private, I took the liberty of sending copies to some of those referred to as "leaders." To my gratification, complimentary, as well as appreciative, letters were received from many of those who guide legislation, besides many from friends whose opinions carry weight. Among the letters in my possession these may be mentioned (omitting titles): The late King Edward VII., Earl and Lady Grey; President Roosevelt, who is an enthusiast in Forestry; Sir Wilfrid Laurier; Sir Mortimer Clark; Sir James P. Whitney, who encouraged me to write more, as well as the late Prof. Goldwin Smith. Of course the letters from appreciative friends are not referred to. My motive in naming such distinguished personages (without breach of confidence) is solely for the purpose of interesting the careless citizen, not for a boast. If "leaders" perceive the importance of forest conservation and planting for the future, we should back their efforts in a more practical way than writing poems or essays. Sir James P. Whitney leads.—W. H. T.

"Subdue the earth." Man's brutish ignorance
Destroys instead, and blindly trusts to chance;
With ax and fire he strips each mountain side;
The rivers shrink, the bubbling spring is dried;
The leafy reservoirs of gentle rains
And vapors moist, the blazing sun-thirst drains.
Now torrents rage and swell the inland sea;
The cyclone's vortex spreads calamity;
Then deathly droughts, then tempests, blights and hail;
Unbalanced Nature groans, her products fail;
The people faint for bread, the beasts must die;
Foul pestilence now reigns where vultures cry.

In flaming letters on the pages sere
Of Time's sad register the story drear
Is told of wrecks of empires, nations' graves;
Sepulchral ruins, famine-haunted caves;
Of Time's sad register, the story drear
Decadent mighty ones; their countless grains
Of human atoms, glide like wind swept leaves,
Or faded phantom forms which memory weaves.

America bewails the bulwarks felled
To sate the sawmill's greed, that once repelled
The northern blast. No monarch tree was spared
Nor sacred grove. Those "solemn temples" reared
Their lofty pinnacles and crosses high,
The growth of ages pictured on the sky.

Let kindly science teach, let wisdom guide
Our leaders' hands, to guard our country's pride;
From ruthless greed preserve the forest bounds,
Replant the wastes and stock the hilly grounds;
Let private wealth assist with careful zeal
To dress the landscape warm, is our appeal.
The time is more than ripe. Arouse! Awake!
Your children's future welfare is at stake;
Be worthy of your honored ancestry,
In Nature's Lodges study Forestry;
And may the Press with myriad tongues of fire
Spread wide the gospel which the woods inspire.

Toronto, March 12, 1906.

# IN MEMORIAM

## TO A SNOW CRYSTAL

### ON A GRAVE

We laid some white carnations on the consecrated sod,
Which wraps in pleaceful sleep our love—the perfect work of God;
We left a milk-white rose or two, for incense at her shrine,
To mingle with the whispered hymn from groves of spruce and pine.
Adieu! Farewell! Dear mound of earth, our duty calls afar,
The days for us are short when Hope will throw the gates ajar.
Our summer flowers are faded now, our hearts beat sad and slow—
Yet God bids Winter's clouds to wreathe her grave with virgin snow.

* * * * *

Crystal star, thy jeweled glory,
From the Maker's primal mint
Veils thy wondrous sky-born story—
Can thy lens reveal His print?
Spell us nebular creation,
May an atom read its scroll?
Could expansion—condensation—
E'er evolve that essence—Soul?

Wert thou on a chariot carried
Bodily from tropic sea,
By a demon cyclone married
To a pole-cloud's mystery?
When a rainbow pearl prismatic
Did the sirens charm thee home,
To adorn their rhymes aquatic,
Sung in dreamy Ocean's foam?

Didst thou gleam a dewdrop pendant
In the lily's golden heart,
Ere inhaled by Sol resplendent,
Or wert thou of nectar part?
Wert thou mist in prayer of maiden,
Or a mother's anxious eye,
Breath of prophet—thunder laden,
Or some mortal's dying sigh?

Tell us, what is distillation,
Force and motion, frost and fire?
Magic Star, will transmigration
On its pinions bear us Higher?
Conscious man thinks life eternal
Is the birthright of his soul,
But will Death in his black journal
Mark each One, or bulk the Whole?

Nature's Alpha, Beta, rigid,
Casket of the Builder's plan;
Solid — liquid — vapor — frigid —
Answer, Sphinx! to puzzled man:

REPLY

Ask the wind, or question sunbeams,
Search the nerve, dissect the brain,
Weigh night visions, measure day dreams—
Feeble Ego, all is vain.

December 10, 1904.

# LINES TO A BEECH

A grove of native cedars, in a pasture rich and sweet,
With elms and silver birches—nodding ferns about their feet—
Were grouped around an ancient beech, of lordly girth and mien,
And a gentle streamlet glided past, thro' cresses ever green.

This rugged monarch's hoary head two centuries or more,
Had braved the Winter's biting blasts, and Summer's tempests bore;
A sylvan god he seemed to be, or prophet-priest at prayer;
His spreading arms waved in the wind, an emerald mantle rare.

Soft tints of russet, silver-gray, and citrine marbled o'er
A ground of mottled olive-green, on his smooth bark, which bore
Some moss which Time had planted there; but doomed, alas! the heart
Of our old beech a target was, for Jove's destroying dart.

No more the "milky mothers" lie, in happy summertime,
Beneath its leafy canopy; no more it swings the rhyme,
Which rippled from the joyous birds; no saucy squirrels leap
From branch to branch, to hollow trunk, where garnered nuts they'd keep.

Farewell, old beech, return to God His elemental fire,
And lend our hearth dissolving views before your coals expire;
In smoky visions show us—like the sparks—our friends of yore,
Ascending to a union in the groves of Evermore.

NOTE.—Some of our old folk claimed that a beech tree was safe from lightning. Like many of their sayings, this was an erroneous one. They may have been less so, perhaps, but the shafts of Jove are no respecter of trees. Alas! how rare an object is a grand old beech in our unsentimental country today!

# IN MEMORIAM

1837—VICTORIA—1901.

## OUR MOTHER

Roll back the stone! Unseal the sepulchre!
Receive, oh kindly earth, Victoria's form;
Which shrined perfected virtue-absolute,
So far as Eve could will. Not clay, nor air,
Nor ruddy blood, nor life, could e'er create
The paragon we mourn; but haply it is true
What wise men say, that as the cycles whirl,
The Sculptor's hand incarnates higher types;
Such was our Queen, august, and throned in love;
Such was the mother of our mothers' sons.

Wise Alfred planted, princely Shakespeare pruned,
And Good Victoria's sun matured the oaks
Whose branches arch the world. Not William's mace
Nor Edward's sword, nor Henry's lance, could carve,
So deep a line upon the towering cliffs—
Where gleams our Mecca's spires—old England—home—
As she, whose orb outshone the centuries,
And stamped her seal on peer's and peasant's heart.

Four hundred million mourners guard her bier;
But chief in honored place, her pall is borne
By British mothers, bent and gray, whose tale
Of years are measured by a sad four-score,
They kept alive the Druid altar's fire,
And taught our infant tongues to bless the Queen.

NOTE.—This short elegy on Victoria, the greatest and best Queen in history, was printed in the Toronto Mail and Empire on the day of her funeral, Feb. 2, 1901. It accompanied the editorial comment of my late friend, Horace Wiltshire, Esq. As the "Flaneur" his page gained hosts of admiring readers. No more will a licentious court and aristocracy sully the lustre of the British Crown since Victoria adorned the throne.

# THE OLD LOG CABIN

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

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Forget not the days when our fathers were ringing
Their chorus of axes, thro' woods rich and rare;
Remember the cabins where mothers were singing,
With hope in their hearts, and their hands full of care.

Like incense, the voices of glad sons and daughters
Arose with the smoke, from the clearing to Him,
Whose Garden of Maples, beside the sweet waters,
He gave us, and blessed our rich cup to the brim.

The dearest of homes was the cot in the wildwood;
No palace nor castle in England or France
Could ever compare with the shanty of childhood—
Now its shadow recedes like an exquisite trance.

NOTE.—This ballad of the past was widely published some years ago in Ontario. Not only are our grand pioneers rapidly gliding away, but their habits of thought and action, even their good old phrases and pronunciation, have almost died out. Reader, if you have the real early settler dialect at your command, just try it on young country people—not city ones, of course—and observe their blank looks or derisive smiles. This simple effort is dedicated to the memory of the noblest and purest stock who ever carried civilization to any wild country—our departed Fathers and Mothers!

At "bees," or at "corners," they met their good neighbors;
They talked of old lands with a quavering voice;
And they gallantly shared with their oxen their labors
Of hewing out homes in this land of their choice.

A shot from the door brought a buck to the table,
A spear thrust in water tossed "lunge" to the fire,
Wild pigeons in millions o'erhead were no fable,
And Nimrods found here all their hearts could desire.

Say, Memory, where are thy Johnny-cakes' riches?
Give back the molasses our maples distilled;
With pancakes of buckwheat, and such divine dishes,
That kings, to obtain them, log houses would build!

What tongue has the power to tell of their sorrows?
What pen has recorded the lives gone before?
Their bitter todays, and the mocking tomorrows?
And joys in that sacred log cottage of yore?

The noble old stock in their graves now lie thicker
And children forget where their grandparents lie;
The forest and cabins fade farther and quicker—
Oh, let not their virtues in us ever die.

Young Canada sports his white cuffs and high collars,
But grandmother spun all his father had worn;
Remember, you boys, set with diamonds and dollars,
That in dear old log cabins our nation was born.

O, forest-bred children, wild Nature's caresses
Gave you the hard bone, and the brawn, and the brain.
Her sanctum sanctorum's most secret recesses
Were bound to Log Temples by God's golden chain.

In Saturday Night, April 24, 1903.

## OUR DOCTOR

It needs the power of Burns, or Goldsmith's fire,
To carve our patron's shield on poesy's lyre;
But manners tell us that we must decline
To name Our Doctor,—yours, dear friend, and mine.

Sad was the school where first we learnt his worth,
When sable clouds obscured our dismal hearth;
'Twas then our coward hearts were made to cry—
"Come, Doctor, come, and ease Affliction's sigh";
Yes, many a day, and tortured midnight hour,
We watched him fight the fell destroyer's power.

No harper's chords e'er matched the human strings
That our physician plays on. Nature brings
Her infinite variety of forms and moods
To prove his science, medicines, and foods.
With merry jokes he lights one patient's face,
His sage advice rebukes another case;
Those that despond get words of sympathy,
Like liquid gold, but if the need should be,
The surgeon's heart is stone (but for our weal);
No pity then must shake his nerves of steel.

His enemies are legion; not alone
The meddling chatter of some silly crone,
The orders overdone, or disobeyed,
Neglected nursing; or a vast brigade
Of gossips in an ante-mortem room—
Like crows who caw the weary patient's doom;
Perhaps unknown, some self-sufficient friend(?)
A quack's vile kill-or-cure will recommend,
Advise an owlish fool's hypnotic pass,
Electric shocks, or idiot's bottled gas.

The lonely midnight ride, the drifting snow,
The sun's fierce heat, the raging torrent's flow,
He braves to grapple with his subtle foe;
Nor risk to him by dire Infection's dart,
Can hold Our Doctor back, or daunt his heart;

Nor heeds he slander, or ingratitude;
The poor are blest by his true brotherhood;
Our primal infant cries, and childhood's woes
He hears, and guards our lives until the close.

What loyal faith, what thanks, or gold, can pay
Our quiet hero? Saviour, yesterday;
Today neglected; and his honored head,
Forgot some morrow—sleeping with the dead.
Good Doctor, we can only add our prayer
For you long life, and that your sun sets fair;
And may the Great Physician be your guide
To ease your passage o'er the River's tide.

Port Perry, Ont., April 8, 1903.

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## THREE QUEENS

Triumvirate of Queens. Your regal sway
Marks Britain's night, her morn, her solar day.

* * *—BOADICEA—A.D. 61.

At Albion's birth the night was black and wild,
When Rome's red hand unveiled the Druid's isle;
When hearts of oak—Boadicea's braves—
Met shield-locked legions—welcomed them to graves.
The Cymri gather! Hark! We hear the sound
Of scythe-armed chariots—see fierce stallions bound—
We feel the blood-bond swell, as tribes and clans
From Caledon to Wales, and far Penzance
Bare British breasts in vain, for Queen and home.
But sun, roll on! Now, Merlin's eaglets roam

NOTE.—Besides these three Queens, Mary and Anne are the only females who wore the British crown alone, if memory serves. Those three reigns mark the most eventful eras in our annals. The first opened the doors of Roman civilization to the Britons. The Elizabethan era gave birth to modern England, and made the cliffs of Albion the citadel of freedom; from whence the political and commercial, as well as colonizing forces, spread to embrace the whole world. Of Victoria's golden age it is safe to assert that more good to mankind, mainly originating in Britain, was developed under her than in all ages past. The reigns of Elizabeth and Victoria eclipse those of all the Kings, good, bad or passable, who bore the sceptre. Perhaps the suffragettes could make an argument of such a statement.

Beyond the Caesar's ken. His purple robe
The cliff-born children wear, around the globe.

1558—ELIZABETH—1603.

Great Tilbury's camp saw sturdy liegemen press
Around their Virgin Queen,—our stately Bess;
Clear rang the clarion note of Tudor sway—
Rose-tinted morn of modern England's day.
She loved her realm so well, her jealous heart
Rejected princelings' prayers—bade them depart.
Her classic age bred giant men of might,
Who grasped old Ocean's mane,—broke thro' the night
Of savage nurture. Drake and Raleigh spoke
And Spain was nought; great Cecil's glances broke
Her ring of foes; and god-like Shakespeare hurled
A brave defiance 'gainst a banded world;
Said: "We shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,
"If England to itself do rest but true."

1837—VICTORIA—1901.

Victorian age. We hail the day serene
Which throned the type of Goodness—Mother—Queen.
Victoria represents unshackled slaves,
And bread untaxed. Where'er our Sovereign waves
Her roseate emblem, there free men enjoy
An equal franchise; there the laws employ
An even scale—impeccable as snow;
The Anarch sleeps, the arts and virtues grow.
Mailed Europe's despots view with envious frown.
Her venerated hairs eclipse her crown.
Her empire is o'er hearts and willing hands,
'Tis bounded by the deep—all climes—all strands;
Our science-wizards harnessed to her car
The nerves of Nature clasping Kin afar.
The blood-bond tightens. Look! from sea to sea,
United Greater Britain bends the knee
As loyal Widow's Sons. God bless the Queen!
And crown her eve with peace—with honors green.

"Observer," Port Perry, Feb. 22, 1901.

# MASTER SHAKESPEARE

From Stratford's fane, by crystal Avon's tide
Our Master's notes resound like peals of bells;
Now like an organ's sobbing tragic moan;
Anon, a harp pours out its vibrant flood,
Then silver flutes and viols, no chord but feels
His subtle touch in that enigma—man.

'Tis well that there his sacred bones repose,
Where English hedgerows breathe perfumes from thyme,
From violets, eglantine, and "daisies pied,"
Which blend their incense with the skylark's song.
His shrine excels Westminster's charnel house,
Where cheek by jowl, the noble and the base,
Engage in dusty strife for brass or stone,
And premier place, among the Scythesman's sheaves.

'Tis more than well he had no Boswell's pen
To patter gossip for the vulgar herd;
And better yet no cranky kodak crew
Could chase his royal shadow's daily march;
'Twere surely best and blest no peacock tribe
Can scream before the sun—"He was our sire";

NOTE.—Dear blind (?) devotees at the shrine of the Immortal Bard of Avon, bear with me. I can't resist the chance of bantering the Baconians. They are iconoclasts on principle. They win notoriety by cryptic gropings in charnel houses. They are the lineal descendants of Thomas the Apostle. Did Shakespeare or Bacon exist? Did Ben Jonson or did Dr. Samuel Johnson exist? They were not Baconians. How do we know that Shakespeare did not write Bacon's Essays for him? I believe he stole, or hashed the meat in them, from the King of "Makers," but can't prove it. Why don't these image-breakers allege that a pair of wicked nurses had exchanged infants—then Bacon would have written the Plays, and Bacon's work would have been more human and less porcine. What quarrel had Bacon with Sir Thomas Lucy to make him roast him as Justice Shallow? Did he steal the Squire's deer? No, his avarice aimed higher—bribery was his forte. Bacon was also as greedy of fame as of money. How these sextons would enjoy the desecration of the Shrine at Stratford! But the Curse protects it. Perhaps they might unearth a cryptographic scroll which would prove that the Swan was the original of Jekyll and Hyde. There might be another chart which would show Sir John Falstaff as the founder of our school of Baconians. His grandfather's copper ring might serve them (if found) as a Baconian nasal ornament. —"No more of this, Hal, an thou lovest me."

Still we've his living soul in English text—
Immortal as the stars, or Ocean's pulse.

We ride with him on Ariel's flashing car;
We walk with Hamlet on the fragile bridge
Which leads to Yonder. Gliding past is Nile,
And on a golden galley Egypt's Queen,
Reclothed in wanton flesh; the Romans pass;
Then Venice sighs; the vext "Bermoothes" reel
When Tempest spreads its wing; with tears we trace
Ophelia's woes, or Desdemona's fate;
Then, presto! Pistol brags, or Falstaff laughs,
And swells his portly zone with vinous wit.

Old England's prophet-bard divinely forged
An adamantine bond for kin and tongue,
More lengthy rich and strong than trade or laws;
Beneath the Polar Star, and Southern Cross,
An Anglo-Saxon Union yet shall learn,
That Master Shakespeare's soul our race doth rule.

Toronto Sunday World, April, 1907.

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## FRONTENAC

In every age some mighty man of war,
Some prophet, judge, or sage has led his race;
And others found the key or broke the bar
To Nature's sanctum—then unveiled her face;
But of Titanic names that we may trace
On Time's long scroll which glory's rays adorn,
None reads more clear, or have a prouder place,
Than noble Frontenac who watched the morn
On Stadacona's rock when Canada was born.

NOTE.—So far as our history goes, we are a nation of hero-worshippers. Why not? The Scots idolize Wallace and Bruce, and the very name of Burns transfigures their stern countenances until they appear truly beatified. Most other nationalities deify their heroes. Why don't we have a Pantheon? If so, the statue of Frontenac should be prominent. It is the fashion to eulogize Montcalm with Wolfe, but Frontenac is well worthy of being named the Washington of Canada Search and weigh evidence.

His eye could pierce the forest fringe, and see
The route of empire by Laurentian shores;
His mind could trace the thread of destiny
Which led the voyageurs to Nature's stores;
His rugged will flung wide the sombre doors
Which hid the setting sun from his weak band;
He felt the pulse of that vast stream which pours
Its veins of wealth and drains a mightier land
Than Charlemagne once held within his iron hand.

The warriors of the woods who never knelt
At master's foot—of tameless men most free—
Gave him in pledge their friendship's wampum belt,
And bore away magnetic sympathy;
The court's intrigues, the foreign enemy,
The famine, pestilence, domestic war
Could never break, but only bend, the tree
That he had planted, watered, labored for;
All Beavers, then, should praise the Count, the Governor.

The tree was grafted and has grown since then—
The house of Louis rules on earth no more;
But Norman William's line unites the men
Who were such foes, yet cousin tribes of yore;
For Gaul and Breton, Gael and Briton bore
With Frank and Saxon, many a hearty blow,
Which welded them as brethren evermore.
Young scholar, search, and Parkman's page will show
The vivid portrait of the Great Onontio.

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## TOLSTOI

*"Sans peur et sans reproche."*

A Czar of Czars in worth, he leads "in doing good,"
And illustrating laws of common brotherhood;
His intellect and lands he coins to sterling gold,
To give each homeless serf a freeman's copyhold;
He shares the peasants' bread and bears their heavy cross;
He melts the stern decrees of autocratic frost;

While philanthropic owls are spinning cobweb plans,
To labor's noble tasks he gives patrician hands;
While bigots mumble texts with Pharisaic frown,
He acts his Master's life and wears His thorny crown—
A giant 'midst the throng of pigmies on the stage,—
The evanescent naughts of this delirious age.
Within their hearts the Friends enshrine this nobleman,
By nature stamped a seer and cosmopolitan.

Port Perry, May, 1899.

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## TEMPESTS

Say, Father Time, canst show so black a page
As could Amoor's red tide, when Cossack rage
Made sacrifice? Then sang the priests of hell:
"Amoor! Amoor! our grists of murder swell."
Grim Nero's brood, and Timour's heirs-at-law
Now claim Manchuria's corse to fill their maw;
The frigid Bear dammed up with peasantry
Amoor, Amoor, thy purple artery.

"By-Grace-of-God, I, William, Kaiser, King,
Do bid my soldiers spare no living thing;
For Ketteler's death my troops a-muck shall run";
Thus spake the Ass, Imperial Bill—'twas done.
(My editor, thank fortune, will not be
Imprisoned for this grave lese majeste.)

The other Christian clans performed no worse
Than robber bands of yore. Of course,
We heard of loot—nay—souvenirs
Of ingots, silks and furs—some blood and tears,
And desecrated graves. But games like these
They play to win—and cheat the Japanese.

NOTE.—The so-called "Great Powers" have shown both cowardice and injustice in their raids and domination of the Orient. The looting of Pekin by the Christian warriors was equal in dignity and morality to that of the Roman soldiers, who cast lots for the robe of the Crucified One at Calvary. Such acts will never be repeated. The Russo-Japanese war made the civilizers sing another song. "The Yellow Peril" is the tune of it. The slaughter of inoffensive Chinese on the Amoor, or Amur, River by the Russians was avenged.

# MILLENNIUM

I asked a Wise Man of the East if prophecy could tell
When Bethlehem's celestial choir their notes again would swell
Above the Christian centuries, beyond despairing years,
And o'er the martyrdom of man, thro' seas of blood and tears?

"His second coming," he replied, "is not a mystery;
Each moment He is born anew, and on earth's Calvary
His Passion Play is acted o'er, some Mary weeps again,
The poor still bear His heavy cross, thro' sorrow's gloomy rain.

"His second coming? He is here! But Peters still deny,
And mystics preach the coming of Millennium from sky;
They seek a King, a God on earth—to sit on His right hand;
While now, as then, the Pharisees still crucify the Man.

"Some doctors of the churches fail to read His lesson clear;
Their Heavenly telescopes can not perceive the Pattern near;
Allied with learning, wealth and power, they point toward the sky,
But humbler shepherds, breaking bread, see Jesus passing by.

"When Magdalenes and sinful men, the sick, the poor, the old,
May sit beside the proud and good, when Croesus pours his gold
Into a common treasury, when bread is free as air,
When law is dead, and love alive, then Jesus will be there.

"When He is seen in fellow men, and Mammon has no power;
When women banish vanities to soothe affliction's hour;
When little children learn no pride, and Yuletide lasts the year,
Then Christ may walk in flesh again—Millennium will be here."

Toronto Daily World, Dec. 24, 1912.

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## A NEW YEAR CARD

Purest Maid in Beauty's Roll!
Peerless Empress of my soul!
Canada! My Queen of Hearts!
We, thy actors, play our parts;
We are lovers, tried and true,
Take our homage—"We love you."

Bright Aurora lent thee eyes,
And thy graces symbolize
All the virtues of our race,
Yet unstained by Mammon's chase;
By the Polar Star we swear,
In our hearts thy name to wear.

Winter's vigor warms thy hands—
Which congeals decadent lands;
'Neath thy blanket-suit of snow,
Rich and red thy pulses flow;
By the happy days of yore,
We will love thee evermore.

Fairest Child of Mother Earth,
Wise old Doctors saw thy birth;
From a rustic, forest-bard,
Deign to take this New Year's Card;
More than tongue or pen can tell,
Canada! I love thee well.

Toronto, 1906-7.

# WELCOME HOME

When young eagles leave their mother, soaring up towards
the sun,
Well they mark the rugged mountain, where their strength
of wing begun;
Deep engraved this sacred memory never fades where'er
they roam,
Time and distance cannot sever man or eagle from his
Home.
Fortune's favors, or disasters, weary toil, or battle's shock,
Only makes the wanderer's longing more intense to view
the rock
Where was bred his bones and sinews, where his kindred
still remain,
Where the pole-star of affection beckons Old Boys Home
again.

There's no word which has the magic to enthrall an exile's
heart,
Like the name of HOME, which Heaven wrote upon our
earthly chart;
Far and wide our Boys have wandered, heroes they have
proved to be,
They have measured every country, they have furrowed
every sea;
And they never lost their honor, never lost their pride of
race,
But remembered that Port Perry never bore a son's disgrace;
Noble sons of worthy parents! come! the Homestead door
is wide,
Plenty calls you to her table—Beauty lures you to her side.

Like a queen before her mirror, fair Port Perry sees her face
In Kawartha's pearl, the Scugog—lovely, dearest, sweetest
place;

NOTE.—The above address of welcome was written for, and published in the Ontario Observer on the date below. That valuable journal has been published by the veteran printer, Henry Parsons, Esq., since the '60's. That is perhaps a more lengthy record than any other paper in the list can claim under the head of sole proprietorship. He is still a hale, active gentleman. The meeting of The Port Perry Old Boys was a triumphant success.

Wealthy cities boast of commerce, and may have a wide renown,
But the Mecca of the Old Boys is their own, their native town;
There they loved, and were beloved, there upon Borelia hill
They were given learning's weapons, there the Worthy Masters still
Send young champions to the warfare, and are much rejoiced to see
That the world has marked their Old Boys on the roll of Victory!

Port Perry "Observer," June 4, 1903.

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## MAPLEHURST

Beloved Maple, emblem dear,
Of all that we intensely love;
Thy glorious foliage we revere;
Thy tints the Artist mixed Above;
Perchance from Eden angels bore
Thy parent tree or seed to start
A grove whose roots will evermore
Grow deep in each Canadian heart.

The palm has waved o'er empires dead,
The laurel leaves of Greece and Rome
Are faded, and the oak has spread
Its acorns from our British home,
But where the great St. Lawrence flows,
On soil primeval, free and best,
The badge of our young nation grows
On Trees of Promise, leading west.

The hardy maple greets the spring
With robes embroidered rich with flowers,
And summer's burning kisses bring
Canadian lovers 'neath its bowers,
The autumn paints the rainbow's hues
Upon its mantle which descends
To drape its feet, ere winter strews
Snow blankets which the Maker lends.

# : TYPOGRAPHIC :

## WELCOME TO PRINTERS

Ye sons of Franklin! Welcome to the North!
Toronto's brother craftsmen now give forth
A thousand hearty welcomes to the men
Behind the Press, which is Jehovah's pen,
That writes upon the wall the tyrant's fate,
And drafts the bill that "Labor is the State."

We twine our flags today, we know no line,
The International our lives combine;
Our hands clasp yours, our bounding hearts respond
To yours in Kinship's blood-red mystic bond.

When man rode forth on evolution's car,
The night was black, and pale his natal star;
But somewhere in his soul was hid the fire,
Which lit a feeble lamp to lead him higher;
At first he carved rude symbols on a bone,
Or pictured prehistoric scenes on stone;
Until immortal thought and human speech
On lettered pages gave the power to teach
Experience, reason, and the strength to soar
Beyond our sphere, and knock at God's own door.

NOTE.—Toronto is an ideal convention city. That of the International Typographical Union, in 1905, was the keystone of the triumphal arch. The Toronto Union, No. 91, issued a souvenir book of welcome to the visitors. It was an edition de luxe. Among the many good articles and contributions the late Prof. Goldwin Smith honored us with one. This "Welcome" was given space in the book. It was also printed on the first day of the convention in the Toronto Daily World of Aug. 12, 1905. The Typographical Journal of Indiana printed it in their report of proceedings in the September issue, 1905.

We pass Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome,
Where intellectual giants built a home;
But all their labors only helped to fence
The king's, the priest's and soldier's consequence;
The common herd, the people, bore the brand
Of deep-seared ignorance on brow and hand;
But Guttenberg's great light dissolved hell's gloom
That caste had spread on earth for labor's doom.
Rejoice! Bold Typos! Nobly play your parts.
Defend "The Art Preservative of Arts."

We lead the van in war for Liberty,
And guard the precious boon Equality,
So let us not forget Fraternity;
For Universal Brotherhood we strive,
And keep the grace of Charity alive.
Another era dawns upon the world,
The rings and money kings will soon be hurled
From self-elected thrones—their mills shall cease
To grind up flesh and blood for chariot grease.
May capital and labor join and say:
"A fair day's labor for a fair day's pay;"
Thus said the MAN whose Word our laws inspire:
"The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Come, craftsmen, from the west, the south and east,
Fair Canada entreats that you will feast
'Neath sunny skies in Nature's granary
On "corn, and wine, and oil," in harmony.
The honor is our own—Toronto's yours—
You hold the keys to this Queen City's stores
Of beauty and delight. Again we greet
Columbia's sons. Our royal welcome meet.

Toronto Daily World, Aug. 12, 1905.

# THOMAS BARBER

As the midnight bell was tolling
And the hours were swiftly rolling
On the boundless sands of Time;
When the stories of disaster
Hurried thicker, blacker, faster,
Of the flood, and war, and crime;
Then the telephone gave warning
'Mid the din of that mad morning—
That our Tom had fled at prime.

Then a sad and silent sorrow
Every typo seemed to borrow
From the Chapel's wave of gloom,
And the hurricane and water
Of the Indiana slaughter
Seemed to vanish from the room;
And our single loss grew grimmer
And the glaring headlines dimmer
As we felt our common doom.

But the lintoypes kept roaring
As his soul went mounting, soaring,
To the Port above the storm;
Just an atom—just a printer,
Chilled by stern misfortune's winter,
May we keep his mem'ry warm;
"O'er the ills of life victorious,"
In the Sanatorium Glorious,
May his God recast his form.

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Note.—Died March 26, 1913.—These memorial lines were written for the Chapel of the Toronto World as a tribute to his worth, and have been forwarded to his relatives and friends. The Typographical Journal of Indianapolis, in the May issue, gave space to a short biographical notice of our comrade, with this little elegy.

# "PYE" * OR "PI"

Blest "art preservative of arts" benign,
Thy piercing rays the veil of night has rent,
And guided Man's advance with light divine;
The monkish mantle Heaven kindly lent
Good Father Guttenberg, who sired the line
Of Caxton, Stanhope, and magnificent
Old Franklin, also Twain and US!—enough—
No index this of typos up to snuff.

NOTE.—This is no fancy sketch. Our hero was a printer, an actor and a veteran soldier. He had also been much married. Peace to his "pi." His name was Jim W———n. He was a Caledonian veteran of the Crimean War, and always carried clasps and medals earned in that fracas; he also had three holes in his left leg to show as a souvenir card of admission to the Gates of Delhi, where he was in the van—with other "good ones." After the Mutiny he got his discharge and floated across to New York in '59. He was then alternately a printer and second-rate tragedian at the Old Bowery until 1862, when he volunteered under Meagher. His exploits under the Stars and Stripes came to an end with "The March Thro' Georgia," as one of Sherman's Bummers. His uniform described in this "PI" is true to nature, as he appeared in our Chapel after walking the "ties" from Hartford to New York. We had real tourists then, not freight-car pleasure seekers. Let us name a few of Jim's contemporaries here. How many of "Big Six" can recall these names, besides that of the great De Vinne? "Harts" was the school from whence graduated these master printers under Theodore De Vinne in the '60's. They mostly became employers or superintendents. Here are a few: De Vinne and two brothers, J. K. Lees, Sam Lees, Sam Baker, Harry Philp, Jimmy Taylor, Old Griff, Bill Moffatt, Geo. Krewolff, Jim Easton and others, whose names may be recalled by many. They never went back on our hero, "Jim." His manner of death was slightly different from that of the ode. His imitation of the Duke of Clarence was a false alarm. He had consigned his body for repose to an empty fermenting vat, and the juice was turned on, but as the wine pressers were removing the scum Jim's old plug hat seemed so foreign to the vintage that they dipped deeper and brought up our hero in a state of coma. He was resuscitated. His final death occurred in Harlem, with grand honors, at his home. His last wife was the widow of a German saloonkeeper. He won his position with her not only by winning ways, but by his handsome carriage and tremendous moustache, either dyed jet black, or pure white, as the seasons varied. After a session among the barrel houses down town, he returned to Harlem one night and as a keg of lager had been tapped and was still nearly full, he sat up to save the lager, as was his cheerful domestic duty. In the morning the keg was found empty and Jim bolt upright in his chair—dead—really dead. As he has been buried 40 years there is no probability of him doing the dying act again.

Those brigadiers are marked O. K., Q—rect;
But let a private claim an item's space;
A traveled gent was Jim, from gray Quebec,
He zig-zagged off to Frisco, every place
In Beaverland and Eagleburgh he trekked
On car or hoof; for board and drinks his face
And ox-like heart sufficed, the SCRIBE above
Recorded nought—his OWN PERFESH he loved.

Behold him decked in full dress sprinting trim;
His battered plug the brunt of time had borne.
With ancient pants, which, being short for him,
Proclaimed him sockless (trifles had his scorn) ;
Shoes full of holes, showed swelling bunions grim,
For lack of shirt close-pinned his coat was worn.
The craft has lost its salt—those old-time tramps,
Those genii fade away, like dying lamps.

In first-class job romancing Jim displayed
His yarns with heavy Gothic or Antique
The boys absorbed pure wisdom when he brayed;
As universal critic—keen, unique—
His voice was final when the †Chapel prayed
For light on puzzling copy—Dutch or Greek;
In short, an oracle, but yet our seer
A weakness had—Jim loved to ‡jeff for beer.

He's gone upstairs. A glorious end he chose;
Like §Clarence conquered death in bubbling wine,
When fortune sacked him he sought sweet repose,
A fizzing vat was Jim's retreat divine
In vintage time—red flowed the gushing hose,
His soul went up—he'd justified his line.
Beyond the skies a sit was kept for him,
With harp, and stool, and alley—all for Jim.

Was he no good? O, spare your scornful shafts,
The Maker-up has use for paragraphs.

•"P!" is spilled type.
†"Chapel," a senate of printers.
‡"Jeff," to throw quads as dice.
§Duke of Clarence—drowned in a butt of wine.

## PRINTERS ON THE ALLEY

You talk of wine and women's charms
And sports of every kind,
Of racing, cards, or fishing lies,
But all are far behind
That cream of crazy human joys,
When sporting printers group
Around their captain with the boys,
And spares and strikes they scoop.

The alley is the safety valve
For typos' extra vim,
Their intellect would grow too big,
Their muscles get too slim,
Unless upon the alley beds
The balls they often hurled;
For they're the boys who now-a-days
Manipulate the World!

Behold the mighty printer man,
Stripped to his pelt to play—
His eye upon the centre pin;
"Good boy," the rooters say—
"A strike, a strike; no, darn the luck,
A centre gut he made;"
He misses both the corner pins,
Miss Fortune is a jade.

Just hear the boys around the stone
Discuss the latest game,
And every Trojan of the bunch
Denies his share of blame;
Says Quad to Slug: "If you had not
Fell down on Alley Three,
I'll bet my holy socks, you chump,
We'd've won the victory."

If Doctor Osler wants to die,
Just send him here to me,
And I will chloroform the cuss,
Or break his vertebrae;

The oldest boy of all the gang
Is Uncle Toby James,
And up-to-date he whops the kids
In all athletic games.

I hope, my typographic friend,
When death has pyed our forms,
The elevator takes us up
Beyond all earthly storms;
Saint Peter certainly will turn
His blind eye on our sins,
And maybe let us smuggle thro'
Our bowling balls and pins.

Toronto World, Feb. 1, 1906.

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## SCHEMES

If I was Kaiser William, boys, or Nicholas, the Czar,
I'd offer Fitz or Jeff a purse to box the God of War,
I'd send the idle soldiers home to cultivate the land,
And grow big crops of sausages to feed the German band.

If I was Albert Edward, boys, I'd play a master stroke,
And make a duke or earl at least of every British bloke;
Then he could soon annex again what his great-grandpa lost,
By making every 'Arry's son, a Yankee lassie's boss.

If I was Uncle Samuel, boys, I'd buy the planet Mars,
And right beside their slow canals I'd run electric cars;
I'd form a Great Creation Trust, to bore the poles and sell
Hot stuff by pipe line 'round the earth, from Satan's Grand Hotel.

# : PHANTASIES :

## THE WRAITH

'Pon my word, 'tis no invention; in a storm of vast dimension
Lady Maplehurst was bathing on a torrid night in June;
Terror shook my soul with wonder, for reverberating thunder
Tore the welkin quite asunder, ripped the sulphuretted air;
And the goblins danced fandangos, by the jagged lightning's glare;
'Twas a Sheol of a tare.

NOTE.—Some inquisitive friends have asked for the recipe of stimulants used in composing this parody on Poe's Raven. That is a secret known only to the initiated. The door is locked to the outer world. It was not the poppy drug, neither was it hasheesh, nor Koumiss. "The Wraith" was printed in the Toronto Mail and Empire during the Spanish-American war. It refers to "Kit," that most gifted authoress and journalist in Canadian literature—past or present. After having been a world-wide descriptive writer and traveler she acted the role of war correspondent in Cuba for her journal—the first and best. This "Wraith" is reproduced here without her knowledge or permission, but she is all heart—kind and big. As a weekly visitor for years she has made friends of thousands—the gay, the sad, the curious and the seekers after knowledge. Further comment would show bad taste. May her Irish Fairies, the Cornish Pixies, and her own brilliant genius never desert her.

In this realistic age a few words on "The Wraith"—any wraith, not this particular personality, or spirituality, may not be amiss. The dictionary definition of a wraith is necessarily vague. It would require many ponderous unabridged volumes by that believer in common, orthodox "ghosts," Dr. Johnson, to define the faintest whiff of the superior excellence of a real Celtic "wraith." Sir Walter Scott conveys the subtle ideas which clothe those spiritual essences in the gossamer fabrics of the Celtic loom. A wraith is not a ghost, nor a Dutch spook, disembodied and homeless; but it (he or she) may belong to a living being which has the power of projecting its visible or conscious presence into the mind's eye or the inner phonographic disc or discs of the semi-hypnotized subject of its spell. Is that clear? Pshaw! It is to be feared that the materialists of today could not distinguish a wraith from a motor-bike, or an aeroplane, even if run down by one. But "Kit" has told them all about wraiths, sheogs, fairies, pixies and the rest of Titania's company.

In my cot I could not slumber, for the fairies without number,
Led by Oberon, the masher, capered by a mystic mere;
Pixies joined in gay cotillions, Brownies, Sprites, and Ginns in millions;
Black and blue and red Postillions rode with Witches thro' the air;
Sheogs walked the Deasil round me, then I wished I knew a prayer—
Wished for Tam O'Shanter's mare.

Lit by tiny fire-fly meteors, fierce battalions of muskeeters,
In a sighing, dying rhythm, joined the froggies' songs of love;
Genii waltzed upon the billows, wizards sat beneath the willows,
And I said to them: "Old fellows, have you climbed the golden stair?
Ken you drug, or herb or liquor, that will scat this horrid scare?"
"Mortal, nay," said they, "beware."

Then a shade from pistol pocket pulled a flask, and then uncorked it;
Said to me: "I'll be your chummy, this is Irish usquebaugh;
It's the genuine old stingo, 'twill relieve you, sir, by jingo;
Stop your idiotic lingo; this is sacred ground—forbear;
Take a dose of this elixir, take a snifter, take a share;
Poe's my name—so swallow fair."

Magic potheen! Oh Nirvana! Vanish terror, vanish pain, ah!
"E. A. Poe," I said, "explain, sir, these wild visions of the night."
Said he: "Hear the Banshee wailing; see the Jotuns o'er us sailing;

See yon sable cloud prevailing o'er the Titans of th
air;
See it forming, rushing, changing, like the wraith of
lady rare;
List—a stanza I'll prepare."

"Wraith it is of lady weeping, for the scythe of death
is reaping
Ghastly crops in fairest Cuba; scribe and type she is
of tears;
'Tis Niobe sympathizing, for Red Moloch's sacrificing;
On his altar agonizing, she can see the victims bear
All the ills of martyred ages; see, she wrings her
streaming hair;
See—the sky is breaking fair."

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## A COUNCIL OF WAR

Across the dark Styx, the Hotel Militaire,
Had a parlor reserved for the souls gathered there,
Of Jingoic-heroic old "has beens" of fame,
Who had played for high stakes in the war demon's game,
In the gloaming a quorum were sipping their tod
Which a copper-nosed chemist served hot at their nod,
Some were smoking like craters, some grimly perused
The Asbestos Gazette or the Torridtown News.

A debate soon ensued, part of which we will quote,
For the views of these experts are worthy of note:
"Might I ask," said big Sandy, the Greek heavyweight,
"My illustrious colleague, Napoleon the Great,
"To instruct us by virtue of having been last
"Of the famous war captains in championship class,
"How these moderns presume that mere mortals can fight
"With such Plutonic weapons as dire dynamite?"

NOTE.—As this report is not an extract from the "Paradise Lost" it explains itself. The only excuse for adding one is to give the Devil his due, by saying that Milton's Satan was an angel of light compared to our modern Plutos.

"I confess," said old Boney, "I'm not up-to-date,
"I'm a dog-eared back number and cannot relate
"To my brother men-butchers new points of the game;
"My footsteps bred earthquakes, but I wish just the same
"I'd a dozen of Gatlings and ten war balloons,
"And some cyclones of shells on that eighteenth of June,
"When I met in the ring the ferruginous Duke,
"When he swiped the gate money and won by a fluke."

Then the spook of Great Caesar said, "Pards, by the way,
"A most rapid old town was the Rome of my day,
"Full of holes was I jabbed by my numerous suite,
"As I passed in my checks I remarked 'Et tu Brute' ;
"Could friend 'Tony have dressed my cold meat for the tomb
"Were I pulverized fine by a dynamite bomb?"

While the ladle went round these famed warriors told
Of their sieges and battles and conquests of old,
And Cap. Hannibal claimed that "the ancients could boast—
"That no modern was in it mit Fred'rick der Grosse."
To be brief, each wise strategist held by the creed
Of extolling the past, and all voices agreed
That the science of war had received its death knell,
Since inventors made guns like the funnels of hell.

As the evening was chill, there reclined by the fire,
Most imposing but swarthy, ONE called the Great Sire
Of all serpentine liars—and his dread Majesty
Was of bruisers and bullies the Chief Referee.
Then with dignified grace and in tones low and fit,
Like an organ's deep bass, he addressed them, to wit:
"I perceive, my dear comrades, the end of my reign,
"On the earth I'm supplanted, and cannot retain
"My supremacy longer, for men are my match,
"All my statecraft they borrow and laurels they snatch.

"These vile burglars have raided the chemical stocks
From the bowels of Tophet and broken its locks;
"To Sir Demon de Jingo I mean to resign
"My old trident and crown and the charge of mankind.

"I have chartered a fleet of swift comets to bear
"The elite of my court to a sphere rich and rare,
"Some decillions of meteor-shots 'yond the dog star,
"Ere the Jingoes come marching against us in war."

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## SAINT NICOTINE

'Tis said Sir Walter Raleigh bore the Idol 'Bacca home;
Then Walt deserved the throne of Bess, or else the chair of Rome;
His name should head the list of saints for introducing us
To such a whiff of Paradise, when James was King—the cuss.

I'd like to smite those Horners who our dear tobacco tax.
I wish Sir Walter's fragrant ghost would whack them with his axe;
I hope since Jimmy Stewart's death that axe has locked his jaw,
And that his Brimstone Spa has cured his chronic scrofula.

It makes one's gall get bilious and the spleen feels quite morose,
To know that anti-smokers let us pipers pay their dose;
But brethren, don't get jaundiced yet, they know not what they miss,
We bear a double burden, but we've got a lien on bliss.

A chap can do without his girl, his bread and beef, or beer,
(For quite a while), if he has got Saint Nicotine's own cheer;
But he will borrow, beg, or steal, and pledge his shirt or head
If he is short on plug or shag—it's meat and drink and bed.

The meerschaum, or the briar pipe, the corncob, or the clay,
Contain a wizard's magic spell, to waft our cares away;
I never like those fellows much who have no little sins,
Don't bait such catfish with your hearts—and get their horns and fins.

I wonder when in Eden's groves, with cherubim they roam,
Old Boys may smoke the calumet, to make them feel at home?
Or if, when Peter searches thro' our sinful clothes to swipe
The cards and pocket pistols—will he pass a fellow's pipe?

Port Perry, Ont., Aug. 1, 1903.

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# : ZOOLOGY :

## THE BACHELOR TAX

### OR, THE LAY OF A SAVED SINNER.

Quite a dandy old dude was my bachelor friend,
Not so very old either, if his ways he would mend;
Maybe forty, and handsome, with beef on his bones,
Slightly bald—there you have him—Napoleon Jones.
Like a humming bird flitting from flower to flower,
He had sipped up the nectar of youth's sunny hour,
'Till his taste grew so rank, that a lily or rose,
Had no charm nor perfume for his paralyzed nose.

Not so wealthy as some, yet our hero was good
At the bank for a five-figure cheque, and he stood
In financial morality quite as high up
As a millionaire racing for piety's cup.
He'd a Chinaman servant, some pictures and books,
A collection of curios, guns and fish hooks,
Nine canaries, a dog, and a tame guinea pig,
With a cat and five kittens, a horse and a gig.

NOTE.—In grouping these three Nature studies under the heading of "Zoology" perhaps an apology is called for. Shall it be offered to the Lady Dodo, the Bachelor or the Bull? The popular idea of a zoo is a collection of animals, but the dictionary includes the genus homo—or mankind. As the bachelor is hard and fast married he can afford to laugh, and as the lady became a Bird of Paradise she can smile with contempt, so we humbly crave pardon of the Bull.

In his circle of friends was big Benedict Brown,
Who'd a wife and nine children, and liked to knock down
In a jocular way, such a dead easy mark—
For he thought our old sport had no bite with his bark.
As they walked on the street, he said, "Jones, here's the facts
In regard to a clause of the new income tax;
All the bachelors, who are past thirty must bear
An assessment, a tag, and a brass collar wear."

"For the good of the State we must tax you, my boy,
An additional hundred a year, for the joy
Of your Thomas-cat prowlings along the old road
Which leads to destruction—and carry no load.
Just imagine how quickly the world would collapse
If we punctured its tires like you bachelor chaps;
Indirect, and directly, a married man's share
Is to keep the ball rolling, and mend wear and tear."

"Why was Eve manufactured from Adam's short rib?
(And the subsequent breeding of men is no fib;)
Hunt a wife, my friend Jonesey, and don't you forget
That she'll call you her Ducky, and you'll call her Pet."
Then our reprobate roared with a terrible frown:
"May the Lord take your women, and the devil, you, Brown,
But before he arrests you, just drown all your brats,
Or they'll eat one another like Kilkenny cats."

This debate was now getting a little too hot
For polite conversation, when reaching a spot
In their walk near a scaffold, and ladder, where Mick
Moriarty, the father of twelve, dropped a brick
On the scoffer of women, which stove in his hat,
And torpedoed his head, which laid him out flat;
Moriarty wheeled Jones in his barrow to bed,
Where he lay quite awhile apparently dead.

But the doctor said, "No," that his brains were too big
For his bisected skull, yet he thought he could rig

By a little trepanning, or an air suction pump,
On the back of his head, a progenitive bump.
To be brief, he recovered, thank goodness, but he
Lost his heart and his freedom in sweet company;
A delicious young widow had nursed him one week,
And the tug-of-war came when the Greek met the Greek.

She bewitched all his pains, and she stifled his groans,
And she magnetized, hypnotized, bamboozled Jones.
Then she married him hard, 'twas an easy old job,
With his amative bump for a handy door-knob;
He disposed of his pets and he sacked the Chinee,
And he smiled like a clam when she sat on his knee;
Brown and Jones have now buried their old battle axe,
Since the widow saved Nap. from the bachelor tax.

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## THE BULL

O, bovine god, inspire my song! Great Bos, with quiver full!
Upon thy shield I'll paint thy son, a lordly Shorthorn Bull!
Lord Durham is one title of this portly Duke of Grass,
And he who sneers at this rough sketch, may talk of Baalim's Ass.
The Shorthorn pedigree began with Booth & Bates, and that
Made him the cattle King today, and big aristocrat;
A breeding motor is the Duke—a Mormon in belief—
A millionaire in calves unborn, and billionaire in beef.

The Prophet Job wrote of the horse, Bill Shakespeare did the same,
And Bobby Burns with haggis filled his Scotch poetic "wame";
He also sang o' mice and men, o' usquebaugh and ale,
He left us Tam-o'-Shanter's mare—but not her ain grey tail,
The kingly lion and the stag, and Mary's little lamb,
Have been immortalized in verse, but not the bull or ram.
O, sing the praises of the Bull! (John Bull's g.g.g. sire.)
Primeval shaggy savages—the oak woods was their byre.

Now lead him forth, that copper ring, that jewel in his nose,
Will soothe this ton of dynamite, if he gets bellicose;
Behold his eyes! two wells of fire, which slumber in his head—
He proudly gazes o'er the ground, that trembles 'neath his tread;
No game-cock ever crowed who had a courage quite so rare,
He'd thrash his weight in catamounts, or pulverize a bear;
Reverberating thunders roll from his deep-chested roar,
He'd bravely charge a battleship—if it would wade ashore.

A curly brow, a noble head, a mighty neck of power,
With shoulders which, like Samson's, could break jails or wreck a tower;
The legs are short, the brisket deep, the belly just the size
To hold the raw material, when he doth gormandize;
The back is long, and broad enough, that ballet girls could dance
A hoochee-coochee on his rump—his tail shows elegance;
His ribs are arched so wide and round, that they would frame a door
For some hotel, or hungry church—or refuge for the poor;
A mellow flank and pliant hide, his coat like velvet feels,
His buttocks are both full and deep—with beef down to the heels;
All porterhouse and sirloin steak he is from nose to tail,
His mighty heart when roasted beats—fat turkey, goose or quail.

Our own Ontario has the bulls, she has the heifers too,
She has the grass, she has the grain—the best that ever grew;
Big incubators are her barns—huge kindergartens full
Of blue-blood youngsters who will be, each one a model bull.
Our Bull, the Duke—a precious mine—no dream of Cobalt Jew,
Contains within his hide more gold, and gems, than Cariboo;
When offered up a sacrifice, our hero has the luck
To live as blood, and beef, and bones, in bully Jack Canuck.

# A RARA AVIS

O, ladies fair! List, while I tell
Of a sportsman's fatal blunder;
And also how a haughty belle,
Became a feathered wonder.

He slaughtered birds for Fashion's mart,
And she bought all the rarest;
For Lady Dodo (?) set her heart
On being thought the fairest.

The birds are Nature's keen police,
Her orchestra and partner;
The laughing harvest they increase,
For farmer and for gard'ner.

A farmer caught the sport, (he died),
The crows his inquest hurried,
His soul was kicked by a cross old Clyde,
His bones and boots were buried.

A wicked gard'ner lured the maid,
Now reader, see what follows:
This rara avis, folks have said
Would sell for heaps of dollars.

He grafted on her dainty pate
A plume with colors glowing
And on her brow enthroned in state,
A bantam rooster—crowing.

Transplanted whole a pair of wings,
Cut from a living condor;
All trimmed with stripes, and spots, and rings,
They'd make a cherub ponder.

A patch-work robe of bird skins graced
Her form, with tony rustle;
A glorious peacock's tail replaced
That common noun, the—bustle.

# : NATIONAL :

## CANADA FIRST

Canada First! Fairest Queen of the Nations!
Crowned by Aurora in God's maplewood;
First in the sun-belted empire's foundations,
Rock-like her children have faithfully stood.
Sons of proud lineage,
Prize your rich heritage,
Comrades and brethren—with heart and with hand—
Build up a nation here,
Safe thro' the rapids steer,
Canada! Fortune's Ship! Sail in the van.

Land of the Beaver, with industry smiling
Chains cannot clank in this home of the free;
Despots we dare, and we scorn their beguiling
Manitou's star guides our bright destiny.
Chieftains in Council Halls,
Stand forth when duty calls—
Sentinels firm—guard our honor's bright crest;
God bless this wide domain,
Safe in her course sustain
Canada! Radiant! Crowned in the west.

Heiress Imperial! Thy charter was given
Far in the past—tried by axe and by fires;
Blood was its price—with the sword it was graven,
Sell not, oh, stain not, the gift of your sires.
True as the Polar star,
Hardy and bold in war,
Shoulder to shoulder our foes we will face;
Hold fast with giant hand,
Greater Britannialand,
Valiant Canadians! The hope of our race.

March 16, 1899.

# CANADA TO BRITAIN

My honored sire, your neighbors seem of late
To pay their debts of centuries in hate;
And they forget past refuge, treasure, blood,
The friendly voice, your toils on field and flood
For Europe's weal. For ages, Liberty
Bade you to wave her torch above the free;
From zone to zone her Empire to extend,
And keep her temple bright for common men.

Decrepit rust and superstition bred
Volcanic Terror's reign of lava-red;
A black eclipse obscured Europa's plains—
A meteor glared—Napoleon lanced her veins;
Then Order's champion, bold St. George was true,
And thankless battles fought, like Waterloo.

Not navies, armies—autocrats' machines—
Can build an empire strong, unless it leans
Upon the folkmote's voice, the press and King,
All free; but bound by honor's golden ring,
And by its signet—"Trust" ; no secret this
Which nations try to solve, but seem to miss.
A Briton's birthright is to walk alone,
Unburdened by some Caesar's iron throne;
One family and our flag upon an isle
Will plant, and make, a little Britain smile.

Good sire, your heart is sound, your age is green,
Our House may scorn sick Europe's wolfish spleen;
One son of yours owns half a continent,
Whose wealth is hardly known; a vast extent
Of forest, mines, and plains of beef and bread,
With hills and dales of fruit, profusely spread—
A "preferential table" for your eye,
In case you wish a closer family tie.
Canadians, sire, are loyal to the core.
In Greater Britain's House, they guard the door.

March 29, 1902.

# THE NOR' WEST

RUSSELLIZED FOR MINNEDOSA TRIBUNE.

To the north! to the west! to the nor'western land!
To the last of the homesteads in Manitou's hand;
Where the gold grows on top in the heads of the wheat,
And the freeman is king on his own royal seat.

From the east, from the south, rush the emigrant trains,
And old Europe's sea monsters all steer for the plains,
To the empire of plenty, where peace reigns supreme,
And where yeomen get rich as a millionaire's dream.

Do you see, do you hear, the men shouting hurrah!
'Neath the Beaver's proud banner from old Canada?
They are marching along with the boldest and best
Of the smart Yankee boys from the bald eagle's nest.

Here a Swede, or Norwegian, or Russian can find
An estate on the prairie, with bonds left behind;
And gay Pat and wise Sandy together will pull
In the nor'western harness with solid John Bull.

See the cloud, see the pillar of fire, which leads
All the hosts out of Egypt, and rains on their needs
Such a shower of manna from Manitou's hand,
That a river of grain floods the old motherland.

To the north! to the west! to Jehovah's own farm!
Where the prairie's fair BELLES are the flowers that charm;
And the crop which is graded the hardest and best,
Is the NUMBER ONE MEN of the British nor'west.

Port Perry, Ont., April 20, 1903.

NOTE.—These stanzas were written for the Minnedosa Tribune, Man. It was founded, and is still published, by David Cannon, Esq., a quarter of a century ago. That seems to be a very long time in the history of such a magical country as our West. He is one of those stalwart pioneers who had the far-seeing eye, and the courage to dare the unknown, which is a trait of our empire builders. In addition to giving his town a superior weekly journal, he became a practical agriculturist on a large scale. It is a pleasure to the writer of this note, that an old comrade and sincere friend has built his fortunes on such a solid basis. Mr. Cannon (the Big Gun) is British and Canadian—lock, stock, and barrel.

# THE LION'S PAW

What kingly beast is this, in Pharaoh's land
Whose signet stamps the dust of early man,
Awakes the sleeping stones where Order fell,
And startles Time on his grey citadel?

The fount by Runnymede has poured a flood,
Which tinges Nile with richer, ruddier blood;
Bears back the Arts where Science burst the womb
Of black primeval wonder. O'er the tomb
And cradle of the mighty Past and Dead,
The Present smiles, for Hope is overhead.
Beside the Sphinx, the British Lion's paw
Unearths the primal sceptre, plants his law
In Egypt's soil; unrolls her mysteries,
And dares fell Doom—defies the centuries.

Who stays the Lion's bound? Who claims this strand?
Aboukir speak! Give answer Omdurman!
Who now shall dare to breast the alpine wave
Which rolls from Britain's cliffs—and find a grave?
Bid Cleopatra wake! Come, siren, see—
A fairer far than thou—'tis Liberty.
She rules where river gods were once supreme,
Victoria's name dispels Oppression's dream.

Oh Mary, humble Queen! thy Royal Son
Comes back with power, His cross above the dun
Of battle's shock on Pyramid shall burn;
Salute! Old Memnon! Greet the Man's return.
A George, an Andrew, and a Patrick twine
Their arms in England's flag—a holy Trine;
Their hammer strokes the knell of serfdom tolls,
The blood of tyrants dyes its crimson folds;
The ancient Thule has sent stern men to weed
The highways trod by Pity's lowly steed.

With steel, with fire, with hissing steam, revoke—
Remove the curse on Ham—cast off his yoke;

Electric sparks! dissolve the fetish spell
On Afric's dusky brow. Is that a bell?
Which peals so clear, and jars the midnight air,
From southern veldts. *Colossus strides the lair
Of demons, satyrs, human devils' dens,
His rushing wheels destroy, and Progress rends
A pathway broad to meet the †Sirdar's lance
Which guides the Lion's spring—bids him Advance!

*Rhodes. †Kitchener.

Port Perry, Dec. 7, 1898.

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## SONS OF CAIN

Nicholas shouts for pacific disarming,
(T'other big fellows), not Cossack nor Russ;
Blustering Billy's "mailed fist" is alarming
Strutting and posing—all feathers and fuss.

Gallican gullets are choking and gurgling,
"Cough it up, Frenchy," says burly John Bull;
" 'Gyptic emetics will cure you of burgling,
Keep off my Nile, or the trigger I'll pull."

Doctor Sam treated some Spanish disorders,
Large was his fee and loud was his crow;
"Wars of humanity" stretch his wide borders,
Asia he'll gobble, and name it "Monroe" (?)

Butchers and bullies! Ye hypocrites hoary!
Turk and Italian, the Goth and the Hun;
Poverty labors to add to your glory,
Bankrupt and bristling with sword and with gun.

Crucified Christ! Dare Thy shepherds bless legions
Armed to the teeth for the service of Mars?
Wolves should not carry to Satan's dark regions
Crosses and croziers, with crescents and stars.

Canada pays a few mounted patrolmen,
Cain has not migrated here with his brood;
Canada calls to the young and the old men:
"Muster your ranks in the battle for food."

# : CAXTON'S DEVIL :

## AN OLD-TIME PRINTER'S LEGEND.

New York City once was, and is yet, the Mecca of American printers. Cobweb Hall, on Duane street, was one of the holy shrines towards which many of the devout and bunion crippled old-timers directed their steps on Saturday nights. Not to know P——'s, and his guild of sages; not to be able on Monday mornings to "buzz" the boys with idealized word pictures of his big goblets of hot Scotch, Santa Cruz, Jamaica, or his long-sleeved glasses of old ale; or not to be able to display a few gems of romance culled from some adept of the craft, was to acknowledge that life was a failure.

On entering P——'s one beheld on either side of a long room a row of large casks and kegs, festooned with cobwebs. No broom ever desecrated the rough brick walls or the blackened timbers of the ceiling. A bar was on the right-hand side at the farther end, which was patronized by soulless plebeians.

NOTE.—By the advice of a friend this legend has been added as a sort of typographical appendix. The operation of "cutting it out" is simple and safe—don't read it. For fear that some of our young printers may waste their valuable time in trying to find out what it is supposed to explain to them, this warning is posted: It is not a baseball score, neither is it a secret "tip" in cypher on the races, and the most innocent of them can tell from the first few lines that it is not an ad. for a beauty show at the theatre, although the heading might mislead them. For those few who study the legends and written lore of the craft this tale is written. We hope that old man Truefax has made it clear. The old gentleman was rather prolix and bombastic in his monologues, but he never forgot his subject, and always came back to it after the bell had been touched. Alas! he is dead. So are nearly all of his sort. The case is empty. If a straggler still exists among the curios of a "print shop" (what a bastard phrase) he is "dried up" by the boys. They do the talking—all at once—and never listen. It would be a liberal education for them to have attended the lectures of old Pop Truefax on any subject under the sun. He had Solomon and all his wives beaten "forty ways," as the boys say.

Marching over the sawdust floor past this altar, a visitor ascended two or three steps to a door which led into a large plain room, furnished with a number of round tables and stout wooden arm chairs. This was the Senate House. Here sat the august Sachems in committee assembled. Here were on view, or rather on tap, the super-profound brains of Gotham, and consequently of America. Here was the mother-lode of wisdom glittering on either side of this tunnel. Fifty cents judiciously spent would here gain for the student a good seat from which to observe the dissection of the Alabama claims, the fate of Jeff Davis, the reconstruction of the South, the inner secrets of Europe's cabinets, or the natural history of the Jersey mosquito.

One of the most punctual devotees at this Warm Spring was Old Man Truefax. He was a chubby, husky, purple, little Englishman, and he held a "frame" on a morning paper at Printing House Square. It was his habit to put a "sub" on his "frame" for weeks at a time and take a cruise around among the book and job offices for a change, as night work was getting to be too rapid a pace for the old gentleman. He was very widely known in the fraternity, as "father of the chapel" of his home office, and was a walking encyclopedia on every possible subject, and a great favorite with the boys. Woe to the smart Aleck who should either attempt to jibe or argue with old Pop Truefax—he would soon be marked "dead matter."

Come on, my typographical friend, let us join old Pop Truefax this howling wet Saturday night for an hour before we cross the ferry. There he sits in his own chair, at his own table; he has his long clay pipe in an easy state of combustion; he has slowly sipped three parts of his first glass of hot Jamaica; as yet he has only two old cronies at his table, who maintain an eloquent silence as they arrange the pages and chapters of their thoughts between the "beds and platens" of their brain presses. There is room for us two before the crush begins.

"Good evening, Mr. Truefax; no intrusion, we hope? Are these chairs reserved for Col. James Fisk, or Boss Tweed; or possibly Charles Dickens, your countryman, who is now visiting us the second time?"

"No, gentlemen," said Pop, swallowing the hock-joint of his rum and water and then lovingly chewing the cloves and lemon, "you are welcome, boys. Sit down and listen to the voices of your elders. We have not yet opened our debate orally, nor exchanged views by means of telepathic absorption. Merely tuning the vocal chords with the aeolian airs of the tropics—via Jamaica. Give the waiter your initiation fees—one at a time."

After considerable skirmishing between Pop and Mr. Cranksey, a proofreader, and Mr. Ragchaw, an ex-assistant sub-editor, as to whether the second "l" ought to be dropped from the word traveller, and after they had nibbled at Malthusianism, the poems of Ossian, and predestination, there was a lull. Ragchaw trotted out the Monroe doctrine, but there was no response. Cranksey asserted that "an exclusive fish diet (especially boiled cod's heads) would produce negotiable intellect per cubic foot ton, in a comparative test with pork and beans,—in the ratio of 16 to 1." Still the spirit of the debate moved not.

Re-charging his pipe, Pop inquired in a solemn tone: "Gentlemen, would you care to hear a verified legend relating to our own craft,and one of its members—the devil?"

As we signified our anxiety, he continued: "I must first assert my unqualified, absolute belief in a personal Lucifer. On that point, as well as others, I am strictly orthodox. If not the keystone of the dogmatic arch he is at least one of the foundation stones. As to his personality he is transmigratory—a lightning change artist. He may be here in the guise of one of the waiters, or he may be doing the merman act in one of those casks. But enough of my opinions—now for facts."

"The origin of the term 'printer's devil' is wrapped in obscurity. Yes, yes, Mr. Ragchaw, I know what you are going to say, "that on account of his sooty appearance, etc.,' and don't you interrupt, Mr. Cranksey. Give me the floor, and I'll give you an account of the first printer's devil, and trace his personality to His Majesty, the Sultan of Primeval Midnight.

"You will pardon me, Messieurs Ragchaw and Cranksey, if in this little monologue I become somewhat tedious, and

especially I crave that you will repress your ire in case I make any statements already known to your omniscient wisdom. I am about to orate for the benefit of these two young neophytes who have sought our society this evening, seeking to imbibe at the fountain head its sparkling drops of truth. Mr. Fellowcraft, call the waiter."

Pop resumed: "First permit me, gentlemen, to say a few words on the origin or invention of printing. Those terms are not correct. Every printer is critical as well as sceptical. I mean on universal questions, not on matters of soul-plasm—solely. Even figures are deceptive. I have often set up a semi-annual statement of some financial concern in this burgh and when the proof was sent and returned, the figures were bowled down and set up again like ninepins. $1,782,433.02 of gilt-edged assets became in a few hours $2,347,553.01, signed B. Munchausen, Esq., Sec. But I disgress. I should have used the word 'adapted' or 'impressed' instead of the word 'invention' in reference to our art. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' said Solomon, the polygamist. I have no doubt, gentlemen, that printing as we have it, and as it is yet to be developed, was equally known in the Printing House Squares and in the Paternoster Rows at Baalbec, Thebes and Babylon, ten million years ago.

"It is not so much the invention of printing that strikes judicial minds like our as its adaptation. Invention! Ha, ha! Why every duck since the carboniferous age, that took up the trail of an angle worm after a warm June rain, was a printer. 'His footprints stamped the clays of time.' (Quoted). Printers? Printers always existed. But we have nothing to do with Chinese printing—antedating ours thousands of years; nothing to do with the Assyrian tablets, seal printing or block printing. As to the alleged founders of our guild—Guttenberg, Faust, Schaeffer or Koster—we will dismiss them by saying that the mightiest lever to lift our race out of the ooze and miasma of the dark ages was first USED by them about 1450-1455.

"Allow me to point out that it was, and is, the especial province of our mother tongue to hold sole possession of an UNCENSORED PRESS! Yes, Germany may have

been the mother of our art, Italy may have been the nurse, and Holland its kindergarten, but Shakespeare's House of Nations placed the Press above King, Czar or Bishop—on the Imposing Stone of Freedom!

"By the way, speaking of our mother tongue, what meaning is there in the term 'Anglo-Saxon?' Two kindred dialects. One might as well say Choctaw-Cherokee. However, people have choked to death chewing national roots, eh, Ragchaw? As soon as the English language has absorbed a few more quires of Nimrod's Quarto, Original, Unabridged Dictionary (Cadmus edition), then, gentlemen, we may be able to read the inscriptions on the Tower of Babel in the original First Fount! (Applause).

"Let me see, I was going to say something about the Devil, wasn't I? In the first place, brethren, I must say a few words about myself—which I detest—but like other historical spiders, must quote authorities for my web. The good County of Kent, in the juicy realm of England, had the honor, not only of producing William Caxton and other worshipful mechanics on the forge of fame, but also of your humble servant. I was a Kentish boy. I was apprenticed to my uncle, a worthy burgher of Hoptown, who published the Kentish Beacon. He (and consequently myself) traced his ancestry to Caxton, the first English printer. During midnight hours and at other times, when my uncle 'flew the frisket,' and I pushed the sable roller across the pages of light, he regaled me with the root-matter of my present discourse. He also used to delight me turning over an old drawer of remarkable curios. Specimens of ore, Roman coins, old woodcuts, rare books, rings, and silver shoe buckles, were a few items of his hoard.

"Two objects were in his eyes of special value. One was a small sword of exquisite workmanship, which my uncle claimed was Caxton's own dress sword. Its handle was beautifully chased and the blade bore the inscription 'Sathanas Avaunt!' The other prize winner of the collection was what he called a paperweight. It was a jet black cloven hoof. A fringe of reddish dun hair of an inch breadth encircled the coronet of the hoof, and it had a cross-barred shoe with nine brass nails neatly rasped down

and clinched. The under surface of the shoe was the color of meteoric iron —the edges like gold. I shall refer to the sword and hoof again, but for the present I wish to moralize a few minutes for the benefit of our young friends. Ragchaw, fill my pipe. Cranksey, call the waiter."

After Pop had conquered his asthma, he began mournfully: "Gentlemen, 'how have the mighty fallen.' I weep when I consider the decadence of our craft. Think of Caxton wearing a sword!—and us umbrellas! Of course, he did not wear a sword to whop the other fellows with, but as a badge of honor, as the insignia of a gentleman, as the companion of princes, and as a professor of the fine arts. He also had his coat of arms. His "red pale" over the door of the Almonry at Westminster proclaimed him the gentleman and scholar. All printers in those days were gentlemen, and wore swords and coats of arms. It's likely they only wore them on the street, or when they attended court; When they wrestled with old-style pica or heaved at the levers of their old screw presses, they doubtless hung their coats of mail, or arms, or their swords, on the antlers of some noble stag near the office towel. Just think of me wearing a sword on Park Row! As for the bourgeois of the perfesh! Police! ! !

"When my reverend ancestor William Caxton returned to England from Bruges, where he became a typo, he set up his press at Westminster in A. D. 1476. Caxton moved in good society, gentlemen. King Edward the Fourth was in his set, also the Duchess Margaret of Burgundy—his sister. The Earl of Arundel, the learned Earl of Worcester —in fact, all the elite of the Early Renascence were proud to drop in and chat with Billy Caxton at the old stand. But the Chairman of this select club was the Duke of Gloster—afterwards King Richard the Third, of Bosworthian memory. History belies this gentleman, and Shakespeare used him to illustrate the superiority of mind over matter. However, Richard, of the House of York, was a patron of Caxton and a sub-hero of this little sketch.

"It was fortunate for Caxton and the world that he had such backing. Although a few powerful churchmen lent their aid to our craft, yet others, including the Vicar

of Croydon, and the vast army of scribes, monks, and other close corporations, opposed it. Ignorance, superstition, and the fanaticism of a ghostly age marked Caxton as a wizard. The Mediaeval mind could not grasp the idea of writing or 'emprynting' an instantaneous sheet—the last page as soon as the first. Only witchcraft, directly prompted by the Father of Lies, could accomplish such a feat of diablerie. How ridiculous! As if the Enemy of Souls would help to forge his own fetters. No, no, the Grand Marshal led the attack on Caxton in person, as I will prove. What his whole plan was I can't say—except that he meant to get Caxton burnt for a wizard.

"My uncle informed me that Caxton's great difficulty was to obtain skilled assistants. He was at first business manager, translator, compositor and pressman. He soon trained an intelligent native blacksmythe as pressman, but was hard to be suited in the 'dabber'—I mean the artist who used to ink the type—they wielded a pair of sheepskin balls, something like soft boxing gloves.

"On a murky evening a smart young man dropped in at Caxton's stand, and announced himself as an all-round, able-bodied jobber, maker-up, and a make-her-ready, as well as colorist and pressman. He was looking for a 'steady sit.' He had traveled. He had his indentures from the Venetian Aldi; had letters from the Roman Vermicelli; from Johann Bottilhartz of Strasbourg; from Schnappzen Webbfutter of Harlem; from Colard Schwartzenheim of Bruges, and other venerable master printers. Being a comely youth (although club-footed and slightly lame), with a merry eye, and dark red curling hair, he made an 'impression,' and Caxton showed him where to hang his coat. He proved a paragon. He stated that he was an orphan, but had been reared and educated by the good fathers of a monastery in the Valley of Jericho, in Palestine, and was sent by them on his travels with a devout pilgrim, the Count Mercuretti from the Town of Lazzaroni, in Italy. The monks had baptized him Leo Cosmopolis—but the trade had renamed him Eli Pye.

"Eli astonished Caxton. No manuscript was able to baffle his penetration. No curiosity of spelling in the then

crude state of our language could stagger him. No difficulty in the mechanical part of the art could balk his ingenuity. But where he shone brightest was in his familiarity with languages. As I said before, Caxton was a translator; but alas! Caxton was a novice beside Eli as a linguist.

"As time went on a strange series of misfortunes fell on poor, weary, puzzled Caxton. The most unaccountable errors, additions, and subtractions crept into his publications, to his great loss of reputation. No matter how often he read his proofs and revised them, yet the accursed blemishes would appear, even in the body of the most sacred works. Not only was the meaning of the text often vitiated, but profanity and obscene sentences made Caxton's hair stand on end with horror. His idol, the father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, began to look on Caxton with suspicion. His friend, the Archdeacon of Colchester, was shocked on receiving a treatise on the 'Divers Duteys of a Christian Layeman and His Parte in the Churche of Englande, as founded by Sainte Augustine, etc., etc.' This treatise was written by and edited under the eye of the Reverend Abbot of Westminster—Caxton's neighbor and landlord. The type had been tampered with so much that it was simply erotic, it was ingeniously decadent, in fact shady, and Caxton was in despair. Certainly he must yet endure the stake and the fire.

"Caxton having received his customary fee of a fat buck from the Earl of Arundel, one autumn eve made a supper for his learned and noble friends. The Duke of Gloster had presented him with a willow-hooped firkin of Cyprian wine, which the Dey of Algiers had sent the Duke by his ambassador, the Bey of Biscay. A maund of oysters in the shell from Dover, a wild boar's ham from Wurtemburg, a cheese from Limburg, and a few other savory knick-knacks made up a neat little supper, which Caxton served in his refectory. Eli broiled the venison cutlets to a nicety, and Jan Bullock, the pressman, opened the oysters, etc. When the guests were seated the two serving men retired, as Old Man Caxton desired privacy. After the lunch was disposed of and Caxton had tapped the keg, he laid bare his troubles to his friends, and besought their aid

in detecting the traitorous miscreant who was ruining his fair fame by means of black art.

"It seemed that the combined wisdom of his friends was unable to solve the puzzle until Duke Richard enquired: 'Prithee, good Master Caxton, from whence came this cunning henchman of thine, this apple of thine eye, this halting ganger, Eli? Art thou assured of his fidelity? What company keeps he? Where doth the varlet lodge? I like not the crow's feet in the corner of his eyes in one so seeming young.'

"Caxton replied: 'So please Your Grace. I would answer for the godly youth with my poor life. As to company, he is of such piety that he mingleth not with the lewd ones of our sinful city. He lodgeth solitary in the cell wherein we store the waste of our paper, nigh to the room of the press.' The 'old man' also gave a glowing account of his qualities and the excellence of his testimonials.

"The Duke resumed: 'My Lord Abbot, noble Earls, gentlemen, and good COUSIN Caxton, I would fain test this Pye. I suspect this clever ink-brayer of our King's Printer. Indeed, if my thought be well grounded, he is an emissary of Pluto; mayhap, his very self. But I am that one who will match him. Now for my test. Between the leaves of this Latin breviary of mine is a splinter from the crosier of St. Dunstan, and I will probe Eli's piety with it.'

"They found the two workmen busily 'working off' a form of the first edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tayles. 'Come hither, brisk, Eli,' said Richard; 'thou are noted as a wondrous Latin scholar; read me a page or twain of this volume, with the accent thou hast learned abroad, for the edification of my lord Abbot and this good company.' Eli winked at Bullock and leered at the Abbot, then grasped the book.

"But no sooner had he touched the volume containing the sacred relic than he yelled as if in torture. He underwent a horrible change, and he stood revealed before them —Old Nick! At the same moment a chasm was cleft in the floor beside him, from which issued pungent fumes like melted sulphur, antimony and lead, and a distant chorus of fiends seemed to yell a brassy "Ha! Ha!"

"The late Eli glared hate at the company, and hissed out: 'Master William Caxton, inasmuch as thou and thy brother craftsmen have, or will yet, wrest the larger half of the Kingdom of Darkness from ME, thou and thy successors shall each have a DEVIL at your elbows to the end of time, and mayhap—longer. As for thee, Crook-back Dick of Gloster, I will wait on thee myself. Farewell, Sir Billy and gentles—for the present.'

"Jan hid behind the press; the Abbot fell on his knees; but poor, feeble, brave old Caxton grasped his mallet—hove it at the demon, and—missed; Duke Richard drew his sword and as the first Printer's Devil spread his bat-like wings and plunged head foremost down the abyss Gloster made a fierce stroke at the Enemy. He was a fraction of a second too late to Pye him, but he had the felicity of shearing that self-same hoof from his left leg, gentlemen, of which I told you. That hoof and sword, with the motto, Gloster presented to Caxton, and became the heirloom of my own blood uncle.

"And now, brethren," said Old Pop, "that I have proved that the Old Boy was the first printer's devil, let us irrigate the Sahara at my expense—and flee to Brooklyn."

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